

SPY

"I Prefer It Hard"—An
Interview with Henry
Kissinger

Quentin Tarantino,
Union Buster?

DECEMBER 1995

1,001

Reasons Why
the O.J. Trial
Is the Most
Absurd Event
in the History
of America

By George, He's Guilty!

The Shocking Truth About Tabloids:
A SPY Investigation



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The SPY Interview: Henry Kissinger

Statesman. Author. Peacemaker. Former squeeze of Jill St. John. Yes, Dr. K. is all these—but is he *ticklish*? In the debut of a new format, the SPY INTERVIEW aims to answer the burning questions of our time. Like how to control penile arousal. 30

Stop the Presses, I Want to Get Off

When investigative reporter Stuart Goldman went undercover at the tabloids, he expected to find some shady dealings. He wasn't disappointed. Total fabrication of stories, mail theft, bribery, and blackmail were only some of the journalistic ethics he uncovered. And that's when federal agents burst through his door to arrest him for, of all things, snooping. In an exclusive SPY exposé, Goldman reports his findings from the land of the bottom feeders 32

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The Event of the Decade! The Crime of the Century! The Compilation of All Time!

Think about it: Can you honestly remember a time in your life when O.J. *wasn't* in the news? Remember what the Earth was like *before* the crime? Neither do we. So, senior writers Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck have compiled for the first (and hopefully last) time anywhere, the 1,001 most annoying facts about the O.J. trial—including all the wonderful drama you probably forgot. Or had hoped to. 48



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I Cannot Tell a Lie

Chopping down the cherry tree for love, money, and eternity. Here we are, at the very dawn of the millennium, and by the dumb luck of circumstance we are faced with nothing less than the most absurd trial in U.S. history—one that reminds us the central myth of American culture is built on a lie.

Parson (as in church leader) Weems, writing in the 1800s, had a publishing problem. He had a project of singular opportunity: George Washington. The pioneers were clearly ripe for a best-seller, wanting to believe the best about the father of their country. But the Parson had one problem: No dramatic myth in the story as he found it; no killer cover line. What to do? What thoughtful people have always done—he winged it. He told a lie and published it as truth, and then watched the money flow in. Which it did.

OKAY, SO THE STORY about chopping down the cherry tree is made up. "George never said, 'I cannot tell a lie,'" you say; and George's dad never harassed him about what he did with a new metal object. And since G.W. didn't say it in the first place, he never repented.

Fast-forward a quarter of a millennium: Oliver Stone, big-time JFK biographer, gets his movie panned by the son-in-heir of America's reigning fragment of Camelot. Though the movie aspired to a modern form of political documentary, it was "not entertainment," according to Junior. True enough, according to the box office receipts.

So imagine our amusement—forgetting for a moment the entertainment value—when the magazine *George* showed up at a newsstand near us. Don't think

that we didn't suspect the founder JFK (no longer "Jr.") was truthful in telling us that the magazine is to politics as *Rolling Stone* is to music. Or even that it was supported by the publishing company Hachette, as in "hatcher." What really caught our attention was the glimpse, the

of desegregation. "I just thought everybody *wanted* it this way!"

THEY LIED AND GOT REWARDED for it, plain and simple. Which is why Simpson's attorneys filed papers at the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office to protect the name "O.J.," which may now have to be written as "O.J.TM". "We can expect a line of O.J. clothing, including gloves and shoes," said Melvin Simensky, a trademark attorney.

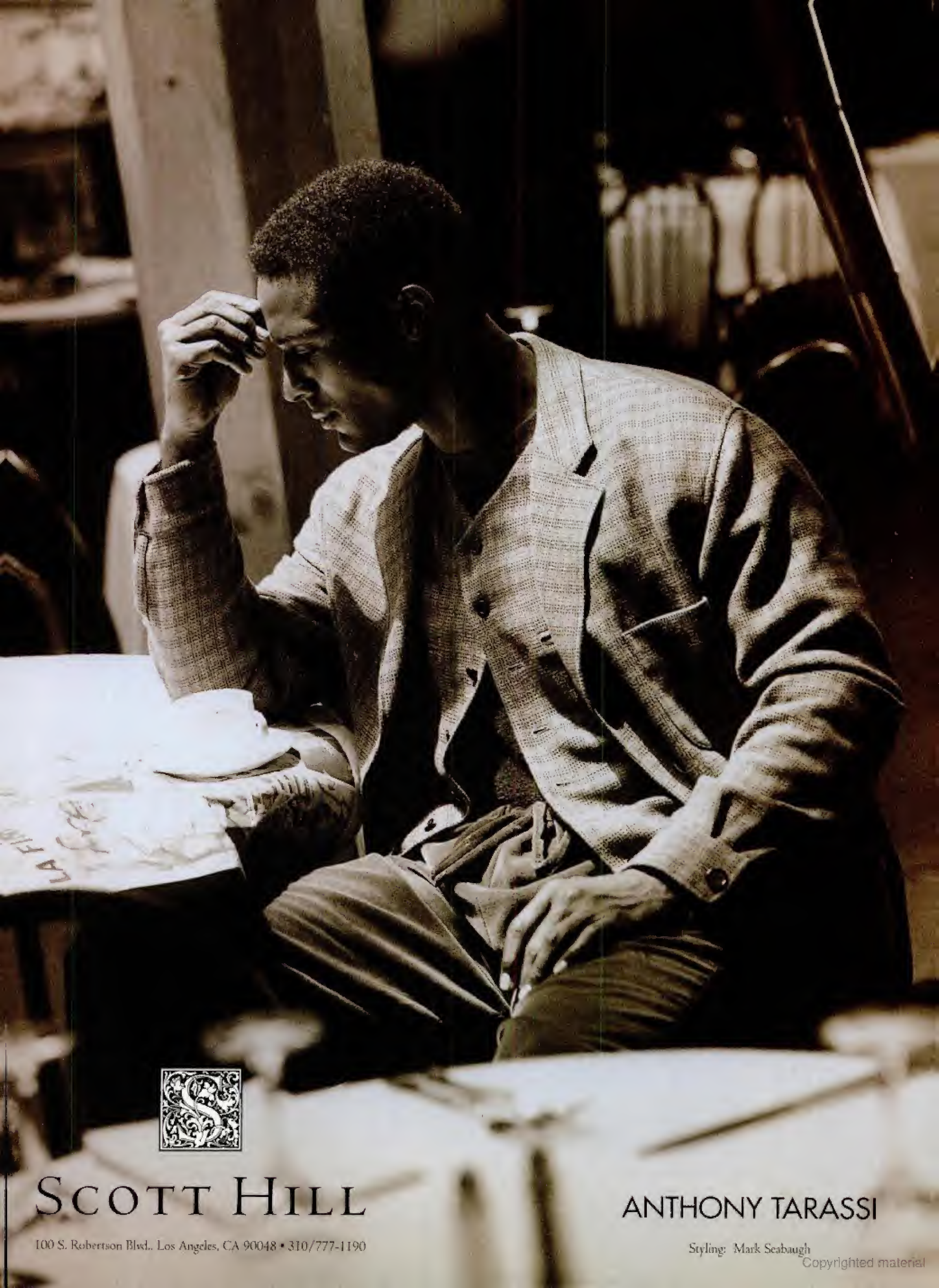
The Juice can expect to make millions in the venture. So can JFK, with his new magazine taglined "not just politics as usualTM." No matter that O.J. murdered two people and stood up and lied about it. Never mind that Junior has compromised his assets, and derived power from, an involuntary satire of the serious family business of politics. Or that JFK put a slutty Cindy Crawford on the cover as G.W. A hoax is a hoax, like a rose is a rose, or a cherry is a cherry.

It's clear there is only glory and solvency (though the Juice may be squeezed briefly after the trial) by the enduring fame of chopping down (real or imagined) trees, wives, or political dynasties. Fabrication, whether masquerad-

ing as biography, due process, or bogus magazines, has identically prosperous consequences. Why should anyone be surprised? As the author of *The Waste Land* put it, "in our beginning is our end." —O.L.



transcendent truth, as revealed by George Wallace. Dammit, another George coming unwashed about his feelings about the *colored people*. "But I'm not a bigot," explains the man who stood in the doorway



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Contributors

Mole wannabe and ace reporter for the *Village Voice* **Jennifer Gonnerman** ["Leave the Gun, Take the Cannolis," *NAKED CITY*, p. 15] was first introduced to the life of organized crime while working at a pizza joint frequented by mobsters and Nebraskan tourists. Born in a relatively mob-free suburb of Boston, she was living



in the Midwest trying to be a professional dancer when she realized she could make more money selling pizza and beer. When not tracking the ignoble careers of local politicians and *femi-Newties* in Congress, Gonnerman works at her softball throwing arm, Italian accent, and two-cheek kisses.

In the tradition of Abbie Hoffman, freelance journeyman **Lance "Witty" Gould** ["License to Overkill," *NAKED CITY*, p. 25] worked his way up from a sandwich man at Brandeis University to working for the United Nations's 1992 Conference

on the Environment in Brazil. A frequent SPY contributor, Gould notes that he has "arrived"—his success heralded, no doubt, by pre-approval for a Ringo Starr "Limited Edition" Discover Card. Though he gladly exposes the avarice of celebrity-endorsed products, Gould dreams of a woman scented by "Eau de Gabriela Sabatini" perfume.

This is the only photo that journalistic hit-man **Stuart Goldman** would allow us to print, other than his charming arrest shot that kicks off his "Spy vs. Spies" on p. 32. Goldman, who has frequently made use of disguises since his run-in with the tabloids, says he's given up investigative reporting for the more lucrative (and slightly less hazardous) field of writing horror novels for young adults. Intended for a "young audience," his books admittedly contain a lot of sex and violence. "Some of the books have demons," he says, "so I keep them in the garage."



Dangerously ambitious SPY Associate Editor **Michael Applebaum** bit, clawed, and scratched his way from editorial intern to the number two edit spot in the space of one year. Now he has taken on a column, "Review of Reviewers" on p. 70, and we've even seen him fiddling with the art department's Power Macs. There's no telling



what he is plotting or what he is capable of doing once he puts his fiendish mind to it. Watch your back, Mauro—Applebaum's coming, and he doesn't take prisoners....Oh, hey, Michael, uh, what's up? Just writing the ol' contributors' page here. Loved your column, babe.

Renegade ad man **Tony Vanaria** ["Grabbing the Bull by the Thingy," *NAKED CITY*, p. 20], and his dog, Augie, abandoned the cheery environs of Lever Brothers to embark on the rugged life of a freelance writer. Three years later, he found himself subsisting on rice and fish heads, witnessing animal sacrifices, and living aboard a 42-year-old freighter

while working on a low-budget action-adventure film in the Philippine Sea. Currently he is braving the wilderness of New Jersey and attempting to write a book about his oceanic experience.



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David U. Andrews
RESEARCH ASSOCIATE

Salma Abdelnour, Devon K. Alexander, Rachel Telegen, Jonathan Yevin
EDITORIAL INTERNS



Lisa Marie Giordani
ART DIRECTOR

Jennifer A. Lipshy
PHOTO EDITOR

Jamie Leo, Bari Goodman Lloyd
DESIGNERS

Matthew Sharlot
PHOTO ASSISTANT

Katherine Kehoe
PHOTO INTERN

C.C. Baxter, Michael Dougan, Greg Easley, Dave Garrett, Lance Gould, Laureen Hobbs, Ed Lucaire, Jamie Malanowski, Mark O'Donnell, Chip Rowe, David Shenk, Vernon Silver, Jeff Stein, Phil Stern, Jason Ward, Ellis Weiner, among others
CONTRIBUTORS

Vincent O. McCann
CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER

Catherine Roach
DIRECTOR, ANCILLARY PRODUCTS AND SUBSIDIARY RIGHTS

Denis Timm
CONTROLLER

Janet Lazarus
CIRCULATION MANAGER

Jennifer R. Ogden
CIRCULATION ANALYST

Dorothy C. Mongiello
OFFICE ASSISTANT

Patricia Clark
SENIOR ADVERTISING MANAGER

Ilyssa Somer
ADVERTISING MANAGER

Sheryl-Sue Sober
PRODUCTION MANAGER

Jennifer Hsu
PRODUCTION ASSOCIATE

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From the SPY Mailroom

WELL, WELL, WELL—IT'S CERTAINLY nice to know that loyalty counts for *something* these days. Look, we just work in the mailroom. We don't get to go out to those expensive corporate lunches, the ones where all the editors fly in from the far corners of the globe and sit around that big oak table in the Algonquin thinking of all the funny, clever material they're going to put in the next issue of SPY. Occasionally, maybe, we get a free burrito if we have to work really late—but we never, ever get to think up stuff like cover ideas. Get it?

Boy, talk about a love/hate thing! Some of you were downright gushing about our latest political, um, spoof; others took it upon yourselves to look up our credit ratings and ruin our chances for a New York Mets official Gold Mastercard. "It is just this irreverent attitude... that will continue to bring the United States down," writes Dorothy Levey of Los Angeles. *Really?* Because we know some people here who would really get off on that kind of power.

"You owe Mrs. Clinton and the American public an apology," chastises Sharon Spartz of Minneapolis, who (eek!) cc's her sentiments not only to the White House, but to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, the *Minnesota Women's Press*, and *Ms.* No wonder the editors have been walking around here looking like they're waiting for the ax to drop!

And what must those people at *Ms.* be thinking about us? First Janice Decker forwards them *her* letter praising our August "right-on feminist" cover story (see "Letters," last issue), then they get *Ms.*

Rape Commodities

Thank you for that hot cover shot of Hillary (*Who put the "rod" in Rodham?*) Clinton. I speak for lesbians everywhere when I say you've precisely captured the image of HRC that we all dream of. Well, maybe not *all* lesbians—just half of us. The bottom half.

Nancy Ford
Houston, Texas

As a work of fiction, your article "How to Win Friends and Influence Politicians" makes for a sensational and interesting read. However, as a factual piece of investigative reporting, the article is about as accurate as the fake photo of Hillary that appears on the cover.

I do not write to defend the actions of Hillary Rodham Clinton or Jim Blair in 1978 and '79. I don't know enough about what they did to do so. I do know what Don Tyson and Tyson Foods did not do, and I wish to point out a number of falsehoods contained in the article which totally undercut the basic premise of the story. The following are unequivocal, established facts:

- Neither Don Tyson nor Tyson Foods has ever traded a cattle futures contract with Refco or any other commodities trading company. Therefore, it would have been impossible for the mirrored trades that you imply Tyson used to give Mrs. Clinton \$100,000.

- Neither Don Tyson nor any of the senior management even knew that Hillary had traded cattle futures in 1978 and '79 until this was reported by the *New York Times* in the spring of 1994.

- At the time of this activity, Jim Blair was a private practicing attorney with many clients, of which Tyson Foods was one—and not even his biggest.

- The statement that Tyson Foods received \$9 million in loans from the state of Arkansas at about the time of Mrs. Clinton's investments is an absolute falsehood. Tyson Foods has never received any loans from the

state. The fact are that, during 1985–1995, seven or more years after the commodities trading (that Tyson had nothing to do with anyway) occurred, Tyson Foods received a combined \$9 million or more in "tax incentives" from the state, in return for investing capital and creating 4,000 jobs in Arkansas.

- The legal truck-weight limit was raised to 80,000 pounds in 1983 in order to bring Arkansas in line with the other states in the Union. It was supported by the *entire* business community and was done only after federal law mandated the change.

We do not want to spend our life quarreling with the press, but we think that we are entitled to a reasonable degree of honesty and integrity. This story, in regard to Tyson Foods, is absolutely untrue. The innuendos and implications you so cutely phrase are absolutely unjustified. There is no foundation for them and there is no evidence to support them. Is it any wonder we are outraged?

Archie Schaeffer III
Director of Media and Public Affairs
Tyson Foods

Editor's Note: Jim Blair was, in fact, an attorney with a private practice in Arkansas at the time the commodities trading in question took place. He was also, however, at least according to the New York Times, "the top lawyer for Tyson Foods" during the same period, and has stated publicly that it was he who recommended the First Lady get into the commodities market, and that "he used his knowledge of trading to guide her along the way." It has also been reported that Tyson Foods "benefited" from several state decisions during Clinton's tenure as governor, including favorable environmental rulings. SPY has, however, subsequently learned that Tyson did not, in fact, receive \$9 million in state loans. The windfall came in the form of "tax incentives." SPY appreciates the correction.

The article on the First Lady's commodity trading didn't go nearly far enough. I'm the guy who gave *USA Today* its front-page scoop on the issue, and I was the

"cleanup hitter" for the *60 Minutes* segment on the topic. The following facts remain unreported even after your own recent article:

- The initial \$1,000 deposit was in *cash*. This clearly raises the possibility that someone other than Hillary made it.

- She's known to be obsessed about the proper use of her name (Rodham Clinton), yet her brokerage statements consistently misspelled Hillary as "Hilary" for the duration of her trading.

- More than 70 percent of her trades (and 70 percent of her profits) were made with *short positions*—i.e., moving against the once-in-a-lifetime bull market that occurred at the time of her trading. The tremendous upward market move went against her positions twice as often as it was aligned with them. Yet she still managed to make money.

- As you alluded to in your article, on the very first trade of her life Hillary made her profit by selling short at the *precise high mark* of the day. The next day, she bought at the *precise low mark* of the day.

When these criteria are applied to Hillary's case, the probability of her innocence comes in at something like one chance in a trillion—perhaps even less likely than a false-positive DNA identification.

Morry Markovitz
New York, New York

As a longtime subscriber, I have enjoyed your sense of humor, even when you've skirted the edge of decency. But this cover of Hillary Clinton is totally disgusting. The wife of the President should not be so blatantly exploited or so disrespected.

Barbara S. Hoffman
Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts

Well, you've absolutely outdone yourself! Last night I came home, went to my mailbox, and pulled out the October issue of your magazine. I couldn't stop laughing, seeing Hillary Clinton with a "you-know-what" in her underpants. It is now the day after I first saw the magazine and I still haven't stopped laughing. So much so that I felt compelled to write and say, "This is it! You've hit your zenith! This is the cover to end all covers! Congratulations!"

Where do you go from here?

Richard Jay-Alexander
New York, New York

The Mag That Roared

I wonder if your piece on Tina Brown was as full of errors throughout as it certainly was in the small section devoted to my relations with her. In brief, you have me "screaming" at Tina, which is something I would not do. If I have to raise my voice, I would like to think I can roar. But in any event, working with Tina Brown has always been agreeable; I can warrant that she is the best magazine editor I ever dealt with.

Indeed, if I didn't have a high regard for her—and I did tell her this (but *sotto voce*)—I would have sued *The New Yorker*. Adam Gopnik's "swipe" at my text—"swipe" is Gopnik/Hertzberg's word—was not only directly inaccurate but scurrilous. Nor was I pleased that a piddling retraction, almost impossible to comprehend, was rushed through and written by Hertzberg rather than Gopnik (assuming that your source who has been inaccurate already is not incorrect here as well).

In any event, all I know is that by the time I was shown the retraction, it was too late to change it, or so Hertzberg informed me on the phone. I was furious then. Gopnik fucked up, and the famous fact-checking department of *The New Yorker* seems to have been asleep at the switch.

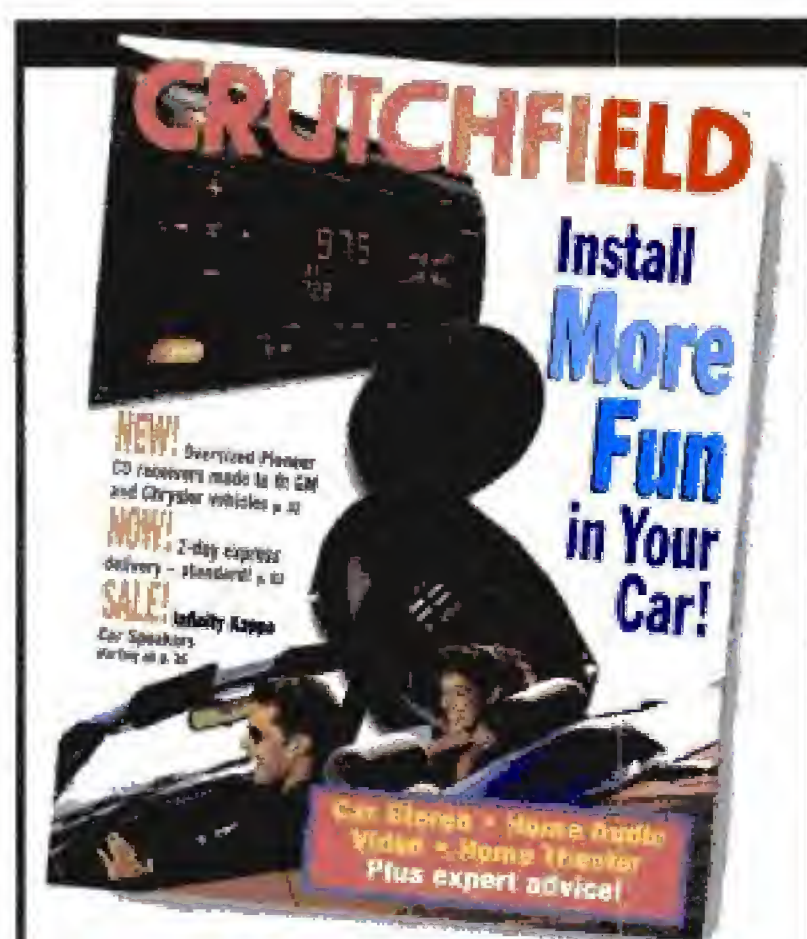
As a quondam journalist, let me suggest to your writer and his source that it is wise not to commit acts of literary mayhem while unsure of the facts and standing on tiptoe.

Norman Mailer
Brooklyn, New York

As near as we can figure, the quondam author is in a snit because we accused him of "screaming" at Tina. While in our minds this does not affect the accuracy of the rest of our piece, SPY concedes the fact that Mr. Mailer is perfectly capable of "roaring," though never-ever at Tina—the best magazine editor he ever worked with. Until Roseanne.

Regarding the piece on Queen (La)Tina and her sordid miasma at what once was a lovely publication—none other than *The New Yorker*—the article hit dead center, with accent on the dead. As a child, I vividly recall being anointed into the charming atmosphere of that once-great magazine—for all the right reasons.

What with Perelman, Salinger, Sullivan,



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Letters to Spy

Spartz's missive expressing exactly the opposite point of view. *That* oughta liven up the Algonquin roundtable next month!

SOME OF YOU, HOWEVER, APPEAR to have ulterior motives for your criticisms. M.H. Reed, from some godforsaken place called Troutdale, Oregon, states that the Hillary cover "exhibits such Philistine vulgarity and boorish crassness." Yeah, save it for *A River Runs Through It*, Mr. Troutdale (or is it Ms.?)

Then there were all the "look how feminist I am for a man" types of letters, such as the one from John Howells, who E-mails us, "So a woman who is assertive, independent, and takes seriously the partnership of a marriage is somehow 'wearing the pants'?" Okay, okay, John-John, here's your damned letter. Now go out and get laid with it.

Finally, there was this suggestion from NYC's own Martha Kiel, who begs us to "please see a psychotherapist to work out your feelings of inadequacy." (Martha, by the way, can be seen playing the role of Dr. Louisa Chomsky in the new Woody Allen film opening this fall at a theater near you.)

But, really, what is there to say regarding our cover image? So we *happened* to have a photographer positioned on the White House lawn just as Mrs. Clinton stepped off a helicopter—and he just *happened* to catch a shot of her with her skirt blowing up. What's all the hoopla? It's not as though we put her in a dominatrix outfit, after all. So please stop calling all our mothers to find out if we were breast-fed. (Percentage of staff who were: 70; percentage who weren't: 26; undecided: 4.) And rest assured the senior editorial staff has agreed to invite Deepak Chopra to its next luncheon, just to add a little awareness to the proceedings.

Now if we could only get the St. Paul Pioneer Press off our backs. ☹

and Thurber—and, of course, for a child, the cartoons—well, what a great educator. Today, my kids are typically inclined to turn their clean noses up at this ghastly rag, for—you guessed it—all the right reasons. (You might be interested in knowing they prefer instead a sheet that goes by the name of SPY.)

John Teeter

Colorado Springs, Colorado

I appreciated your placing of the article criticizing Tina Brown's *New Yorker* for perceived moves downmarket—right next to an advert selling signed photos of intellectual heavyweights like Meat Loaf and Erika Eleniak. Who says Americans don't have a sense of irony?

Sam Beckwith

Derbyshire, England

Midway through Greg Easley's elegiac salute to the pre-Tina *New Yorker*, I seemed to recall that SPY was none too fond of that periodical either. Incredulity set in when Easley criticized the new magazine for printing what he termed a "groveling retraction," lauding the old one because it "didn't even have a letters section." Didn't SPY used to give them hell for that very fact? It seems that *The New Yorker*, no matter what it does, will never gain SPY's approval. Oh, well.

Matthew Benjamin

Arlington, Virginia

Other Theories, Other Letters

I was at a keg party last weekend and one of my rock 'n' roll buddies asked me if I knew that Jann Wenner was gay. I said, "Hell, yes, I read about it in SPY months ago!" I proceeded to mention names like Diller and Geffen, and I immediately became the center of attention, until some dude got out a guitar and sang Elvis Costello songs.

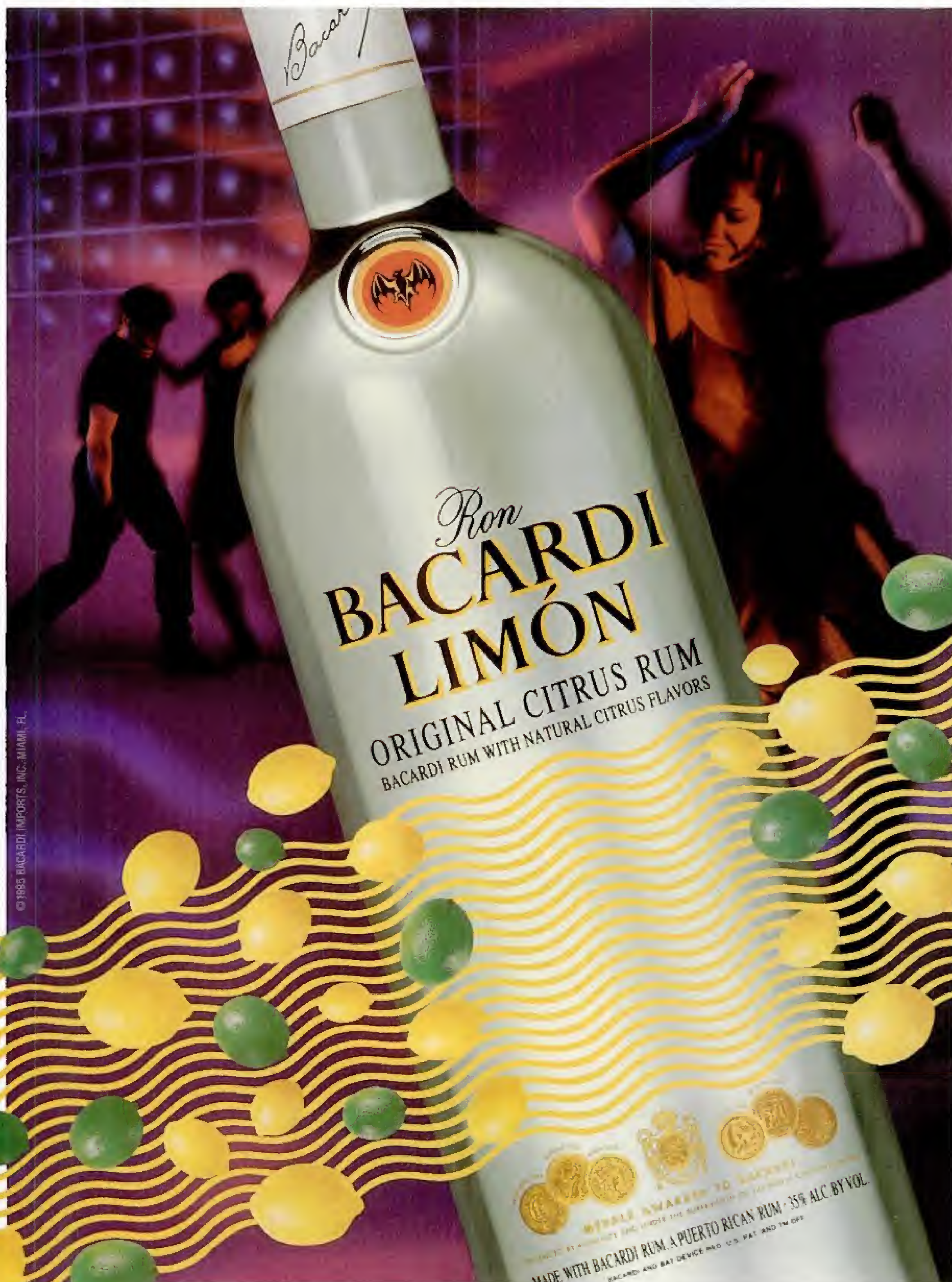
P.S. I don't read *The New Yorker* or *Vanity Fair*. Can you start making fun of magazines like *Guns & Ammo* or *Modern Drummer*?

David Dzinbcynski

Wilmington, Delaware

Address letters to the Letters Editor, SPY, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, New York 10010 (or via E-mail at SpyMagaz@aol.com). Include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

CITRUS ON A NEW WAVELENGTH



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Hey, You Never Know...

During Illinois Congressman Mel Reynolds's sex abuse trial (he was convicted of having sex with Beverly Heard, a 16-year-old staffer), jurors were given a rare glimpse into the working day of a United States policy maker. Taped phone calls to Reynolds's office reveal the congressman's rather vivid interest in school-age girlfriends ("You used to call me Sweet Young Pussy... 'cause I was 16"); Polaroids ("There don't have to be no face shots...just, you know, crotch shots and titties and shit like that"); and—jackpot!—Catholic high school girls.

Reynolds: Hi.

Heard: Hi....Do you have time to talk?

Sure.

You do?...

Boy, yeah, I was really looking forward to seeing you.

Yes, I was looking forward to seeing you also, yes.

How about, can you, can you—Is there any chance you can leave later?

...I don't even know because I—she was supposed to be here about 4 o'clock and she still hasn't made it in and I can't leave the kids here....

How often have you babysat for her?

Oh, not very often....This has never happened, so it had to be something important.

Yeah.

Yes. So—huh?

What you gonna wear?

Well, my peach underwear, like you told me to. I was hoping that we could do something really special but I see that's not gonna happen, I guess.

I was definitely gonna stick my dick in you.

Really?

Right in my office. I was gonna masturbate, too.

Really?

I was looking forward to it.

...I been thinking about a lot of times we had together.

"Our justice system has gotten to the point where all that matters is...winning at all costs. Winning at all

naked city

The Usual Suspects



|| Social events take on the utmost importance when they occur in our nation's capital, where making connections with those around you is as vital as getting to the shrimp buffet early. Imagine the surprise, then, of the enthusiastic young journalist who, attending a recent Washington black-rie affair, engaged in a bit of D.C. small talk with the woman sitting next to her. Hoping to do a little innocent female bonding, the journalist commented that "Hillary looks sexy with her new JBF hairstyle." *JBF?*, the woman's puzzled expression seemed to say. "You know, 'Just Been Fucked.'"

Or the journalist's surprise 20 minutes later, when she learned that she had made the remark to Maggy Williams, Mrs. Clinton's chief of staff.

| When you think of Martha Stewart, you think of economy—economy of taste (certainly); economy of movement (no more than three passes under the wheels of her Jeep to kill those baby chicks); and economy of expenses. (After all, it probably costs a small fortune to maintain such a homespun appearance.) Which is why, after throwing a catered affair recently (*Martha hires caterers?*), the magazine, TV-show, and *life-style* inspiration scoffed at a waiter's suggestion that he be paid overtime for services rendered. "You just put on your résumé that you worked for Martha Stewart," she chirped. "That's more valuable than any amount of overtime I could pay you."



||| *Politically Incorrect*—the Comedy Central gab show where a supposedly eclectic mix of celebrities and what-nots gather around to discuss something profound—bills itself as the show where you might hear *Melrose Place* mentioned in the same breath as Bosnia-Herzegovina (and if *that* doesn't keep you tuning in, nothing will). Of course, such verbal juxtapositions are not limited to on-air cut-ups.

The show's nothing-if-not-eclectic-himself host Bill Maher, who recently issued an edict declaring he would wear nothing but Armani suits on-air (because they're just so *funny?*), knows how to throw a good one himself. Apparently attempting to crack up his staff one afternoon, Maher instructed an eager, attractive young female assistant to send out for pizza for the late-working crew. After taking orders from the various male members present at the meeting, the assistant waited for a response from Maher himself regarding his topping of choice.

"And what would you like on your pizza," the assistant asked, unaware that she was dealing with one of the most sophisticated comedic minds of our time.

"Your cum," was the clever political comedian's response.

the reason I don't believe in the system anymore....My own lawyers are part of the system."

Mob Etiquette

Leave the Gun, Take the Cannolis

For perfect hospital corners, gently fold the squealing sonofabitch in three.

Even if the rumors are true that famed mob turncoat Sammy "The Bull" Gravano is writing his memoirs, the following La Cosa Nostra secrets probably won't be included. Buried in the FBI files of lesser-known mob informants, these tricks of the trade—which are based on the actual recollections of mob lawyers and FBI agents—may warrant a book of their own. —Jennifer Gonnerman

1) How to check if someone is a rat:

Before starting a meeting with an accountant, Colombo soldier John Orena checked his office for electronic bugs by poking a 3x5-inch antennae device everywhere: the wall sockets, air vents, flowerpots—and the accountant's mouth. Orena said he had "even heard of a transmitter being planted in a 'rat's' tooth filling."

2) How to eliminate your enemies:

When Anthony "Gaspie" Casso, the Luchese family underboss, wanted to knock off rival Anthony Acceturo and his son, he gave explicit directions: shoot the two "between bites of salami sandwiches."

3) And how to boast about it:

After Henry "Hank the Bank" Smurra, a Colombo soldier, was fatally shot in front of a Dunkin' Donuts in Sheepshead Bay in 1991, rival soldier Frank "Frankie Notch" Ianacci explained, "Smurra went in for the donuts, but came out with the holes."

4) Where to hone your job skills:

According to longtime Colombo associate Joseph Ambrosino, he and fellow mobsters used to travel to Coney Island where they "practiced shooting at a boardwalk shooting gallery."

5) When to skip a family function:

After one particularly rough day of work, Gregory Scarpa, a Colombo soldier, refused to attend a dinner. He was upset "because none of the other hit teams had been accomplishing anything while he had been getting shot at."

6) How to befriend law enforcement officials:

When he learned that the mother of mob investigator Det. Joseph Simone had been hospitalized, William "Wild Bill" Cutolo, a Colombo captain, sent her flowers. A Cutolo associate explained: "Billy has a special thing for mothers."

7) How to deal with unruly colleagues:

When a Luchese associate misused mob money, soldier Michael DeSantis gave him a "severe beating." Instead of insisting the associate repay the money, DeSantis said that from that time on, "[W]henever [they] should ever happen to meet, [he] would on each occasion repeat the beating."

8) How to avoid being spotted by the cops:

When Colombo captain Salvatore Miciotta and his associates noticed officials spying on them, the mobsters sent an associate to the store to buy "a dozen or so Lone Ranger masks."

9) How to cope with life after prison:

As lookout for Luchese boss Alphonse D'Arco at a mob-controlled landfill, "Shorty" DiPalo had trouble doing his job: He "could not look in the easterly direction from the landfill because it reminded him of unpleasant experiences spent in a prison located in that direction."

10) How to stay stylish while in hiding:

Mobster Joseph Russo once asked FBI agents if they had obtained a personal hairstylist for Colombo associate Joseph Ambrosino when he entered the Witness Protection Program. Ambrosino didn't get a special barber, the FBI said, but "If Russo wants one when he enters the [Witness Protection] program, [an FBI agent] would find one for him."



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

We had some really good times.

Uh-huh, that summer when I used to fuck you out south in that Riverdale apartment.

Right, right. Remember that one, when I wore white lace underwear. I think it was like the summer of '92 over in the apartment—

Uh-huh.

You had on that blue underwear, that was real nice.

Yeah....I want you to do me a favor, all right?

What's that?

I want you to, I want to you—first of all, I want you to think about sex.

Yes.

And I want you to think long and hard. I want you to tell me about a sex thing you did, that I don't know about. Oh, let me see.

Like when you went down on me or something but it was a time that I wasn't there for it. Oh, so you don't want to talk about any of our stuff, you want me to talk about something that you don't know about?

Right, a sex thing you did with some person, either a woman or some guy or something.

And—'cause I want to—'cause I'd like to think about you in those little panties that I used to fuck you.

Yeah.

I like to think about somebody else doing the same thing to you.

Okay. Uhm, oooh, let me see.

Don't make nothing up.

Well, the only thing I have is Karen now.

...That day you saw that pussy or played with it a little and then licked it or something....When did you fuck [Karen] for the first time, when did you come?...When you all played with each other's pussy for the first time.

Uhm, yeah, right, right, exactly.

Right; right, exactly....How, how—Did she approach you or you approach her?

She approached me.

What she say?

She just—she really didn't



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

say anything, she just like kissed me and took off my clothes and I took off hers and were like lying down by the—and we just sort of went down on each other.

She suck your pussy?

Yes.

What kind of pussy does she have? Is it wet?

Yes.

Is it really, is it hairy?

Yes, very much so.

Did you ever lick her ass?

Yes, I did. Oh yeah. I remember, yes.

Did she lick your ass?

Uh-huh.

You, you and her would suck each other's pussy at the same time?

Sixty-nine, yes.

...When was the last time you sucked her?

The last time, uhm, this morning.

This morning?

Yeah.

What you all do this morning?

Six-nine.

Sixty-nine?

Yeah.

Yeah. How long did you do it?

I guess for about 15 minutes.

Okay. Did she wake you up in doing it or did you wake her up or did you just—did it before she left?

No, after we got out of the shower. We took a shower and then when we got out, that's when it happened.

Does she, does she, does she come when you suck her pussy?

Yes, of—yes, of course.

Comes a lot?

Uh-huh.

Does she make noise when you make her come?

Yeah.

Do you ever stick anything in her pussy?

Dildo.

Oh yeah?

Yeah.

Do you fuck her with that?

Yes.

Is it big?

Uh-huh.

And it, was it real dark?

Yeah.

Is it a new one?

No, it's the, uhm, no, it is a new one. It was one of hers.

Yeah.

Music Theory Tell Me Something Dumb

Who says today's bands are shallow?

Below, we listed eight verbatim quotes uttered by representatives of today's most exciting, successful, and reflective recording artists. Hidden amongst them is one fictitious gem which fits in comfortably—perhaps 100 comfortably—with the cerebral tone and tenor of the rest. Can you spot the *faux* philosophy? —Barry Zeger

1. "We have a fear of technology, but we also embrace it. For every no, there is a yes. For every sky, there is a black hole. For every positive, a negative. Yin and yang."

2. "When I was bored at assemblies at school, I'd sit there and push my hands to my eyes and see shapes and colors and images. And then one day I took magic mushrooms and I thought, Wow, I don't even have to press my palms to my eyes anymore."

3. "Every man wants to wear a dress."

4. "Although [the song] is about war, there's a deliberate double entendre about volleys and tennis—the title is supposed to be shouted by some challenger who's losing the U.S. Open."

5. "It's like, in Sweden there's no violence. Now if a motherfucker came out there kickin' a Sweden rap about killin' motherfuckers and rapin' hoes, it wouldn't sell because it don't take place there."

6. "All of a sudden [every alternative band] is insisting they're more dysfunctional than the next one. It's like a contest, you know? Hey man, I mean, I was, you know, downing lithium, Prozac, and Xanax by the bucketful while all these other assholes were still popping Chocks."

7. "I swung this [used tampon] around my head, threw it out into the audience...and someone caught it, realized what it was, and threw it back up on stage."

8. "Say you hate somebody, and you sit and think about every single possible way that you could kill them....That's what I like to write about."

9. "It's three kinds of darkness, knowwhat-i'm saying? There's dark, there's darkness,

and there's triple darkness, knowwhat-i'm saying? We out here to express the dark side, knowwhat-i'm saying?"

Answers: 1. Lady Kier Kirby of Deee-Lite; 2. Paul Hartnoll of Orbital; 3. Evan Dando of The Lemonheads; 4. Stephen Malkmus of Pavement; 5. Snoop Doggy Dogg; 6. fictitious; 7. Donita Sparks of L7; 8. Billie Joe Armstrong of Green Day; 9. Prince Rakeem aka The RZA/rector of The Gravediggaz.

Unwitting Trendsetters, Chapter I

The evolution of the "Caesar."



Gates, 1989 → Costner, 1991 → Baldwin, 1994 → Fashion Model, 1995

Photo: Donald D'Arce



CHERESKIN

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Does she fuck you with it too?
Uh-huh.

...Did you fuck her with it this morning?

No, not this morning.

When was the last time you fucked her with a dildo?

Uhm, I think it was Saturday, maybe.

So who bought the dildo?

It was hers. It's hers.

Have you ever made her come with, you know, pumping her with the dildo?

Yeah.

Does she like that?

Uh-huh, she likes it a lot.

Did you ever put it by her ass?

Yes.

Did you ever fuck her there?

Yes.

You have?

Uh-huh.

Did you use Vaseline on it?

Right, right, exactly.

Has she ever fucked a guy?

Uh, yes, I believe so. Yes, she has.

Has she ever talked about doing a three-some with you?

No, she never talks about doing a three-some with me. No, she hasn't.

I was looking forward to that today.

Really? Well, there's a girl I know, she's talked about doing threesomes.

What girl?

Uhm, Theresa.

Is she pretty?

Yeah, she's pretty. She's fifteen.

No, she's lying....She's fifteen?

Yeah, she's fifteen but she like really, she's really nice looking.

Oh yeah?

Yeah.

...Would she wanna do a threesome with you, with two, one on one?

Yeah, she didn't say with, with me though 'cause she knows I'm with Karen but she was talking about doing threesomes.

She's only fifteen?

Yeah, she's only fifteen.

What was she talking about?

She was just saying that, uhm, she just likes anal sex and threesomes and things

Manly Pursuits Where the Boys Are

A SPY Dialogue with Joe Powers, spokesman for the North American Man/Boy Love Association

SPY: Your group describes itself as a support group. How would you explain that?

Joe Powers: We support in the sense that we advocate changing the law and by our very presence sort of help other boy-lovers out there who haven't organized, who haven't come out—potentially even to themselves—to see that there are people who are willing to put their lives, their fortunes, their sacred honor on the line and come out and say "No, I'm not a bad person for being [who] I am."

In other cultures such as ancient Greece, man-boy sex was not only accepted, but fairly widespread. Why do you think Americans have a problem with it?

Well...certainly there is a strong Puritan stream in this country, has been from the beginning, that's always sort of tug-of-war with the more libertarian aspects of this culture, and there's also certainly the feeling that every time a group seems to come along and get their civil rights, their human rights, there's an inevitable backlash, not necessarily against them, but against perhaps the next group down the line.

What is it that you like so much about young boys?

Oh, gee, I don't know...what is that you like so much about adult women, if that's what attracts you. It's really hard to say specifically. I know in my own case I love the spontaneity, I love the smile, the bubbling laughter, just the joy in life.

So it's more of an attitude thing?

There's a lot of attitude to it. I certainly find boys aesthetically more attractive.

At what age do boys cease to be attractive?

Um, in my own case, certainly I can only speak to my own experience, it's not so much a case of boys, young men, becoming unattractive, it's just more a case of I don't happen to find as much of an erotic component to any sort of relationship.

What's sort of interesting is that there seems to be a built-in time limit. If you were to develop a relationship with a boy, he would inevitably grow out of it, or would he?

Well, in many cases, no, in the sense that a relationship can very easily last a lifetime. I've known, if not carnally, but I've known boys and they've grown up into men and we're still friends and some of them have gone off, gotten married, started having kids of their own. They don't think of me as a terrible person and that was something they did way in the past. We're still friends. The erotic part of the relationship, the sexual attraction part of the relationship, may have declined over time, but that simply means that other aspects of the relationship came to the forefront.

How young is too young?

Too young is when they aren't interested. That's also too old. I would say that the specific age, I mean certainly there is a lower limit to the age at which I consider an erotic component to an attraction.

What would that be?

In my case, oh, probably 11 or 12ish. You know, it's simply a case of age isn't exactly the right determinant. It's desire, it's maturity level, it's interest in any sort of relationship, and that varies from person to person.

Is pubic hair a turn-off?

I'm not terribly attracted to it, but I wouldn't say it's a turn-off.

Do you think that Batman and Robin are an example of a positive portrayal of man-boy love?

Well, it's certainly interesting that an awful lot of the movies lately have been more enjoyable. Although, it is very interesting that the person they cast as Robin in the most recent *Batman* movie is in his twenties. I think that was a conscious decision to absolutely and positively stay away from the whole question. I think one of the better movies to come along recently on that subject has been *The Man Without a Face*. The book was even better, but the movie captured a great deal of that.

I didn't see 'The Man Without a Face. Were there any undercurrents of man-boy love, or was it overt?

Um, there were undercurrents. It was downplayed somewhat more in the movie than in the book. The book made it pretty clear and the author himself has made it pretty clear, that in the book the boy did feel



an erotic attraction for the man. That certainly, I would say, has been sort of the touchstone for man-boy relationships in movies recently.

Are there any other examples? I guess this is an old show, but Chico and the Man?

I remember the name of the show, I don't remember much about it. I think a better one would have been, if you're talking popular culture, TV shows, *Starman*.

What do you talk about with an eleven-year-old boy and how would you steer the conversation towards sex?

Well, I generally don't steer the conversation towards sex. You know, if that's something that he wants to bring up, I try to be as open and honest about it as I can be. In general, what I talk about are things that he is interested in, that I am interested in. I have enjoyed over the years helping kids with their homework and maybe reaching them a little extra history, or things like that. There's very much a pedagogic component to my attraction, which is a very common thing for a lot of boy-lovers....

Would you consider Michael Jackson an official or unofficial member of NAMBLA?

If he wants to be, that would be great. If he doesn't want to be, that's fine too. I'm not interested in dragging the unwilling into the fold. I'm interested in persuading with as much logic and emotion as I can the rightness of my position just as everybody else....

What is your ultimate sexual fantasy?

Gosh, I don't know—inheriting the Philippines?... I would love to have a really wonderful relationship—sexual relationship—with a boy. One that made a real difference, a positive difference, in his life. That to me would be the ultimate erotic turn-on. It would be the idea that I have made a difference.

Where are the best places to meet young boys?

Well, I've been not terribly active in pursuing that sort of thing, but I would say the places to meet boys are where boys are. Arcades. Parks. Whatever.

What is your day job?

I'm a computer programmer.

Are a large number of scoutmasters members of NAMBLA?

I have absolutely no idea, but I suspect not.

What is your favorite movie?

The Lion in Winter... My second favorite is probably *The Muppet Movie*.

What is your favorite TV show?

Um...hard to say. I actually don't watch a lot of TV, but I would probably say, if anything, *Home Improvement*.

Coke or Pepsi?

7-Up. I'm totally decaffeinated.

Are you a Democrat or a Republican?
Libertarian.

Who is your favorite politician?

Who do I hate the least, huh?...Barry Goldwater.

There's a rumor going around the Mister Rogers and Captain Kangaroo co-founded NAMBLA. Is that true?
No, it was Beany and Cecil.

Beany and Cecil?

Old TV series. No, there is no truth to that rumor. They're both fine gentlemen who have done wonderful things for kids over the years. No, as far as I know, neither of them is a member of NAMBLA.

Off the record, are there any celebrities who are members?

We don't go into who's on our membership rolls at all. It wouldn't be fair to people who have joined with expectations of a certain amount of privacy. We've had to work very hard to make sure [of] that, because there are a lot of organizations that would very much like to get our mailing list....

But there are some famous people?

I'm sure that there are people who would join, except they're afraid of what it would do to their careers.

—Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

like that. She's really wild. *She's only fifteen?*

Yeah, she's only fifteen, that's it.

You sure?

Uh-huh, I know how old she is.

Have you ever seen her pussy?

Uhm, no, I haven't actually.

Right, but she's like really, uhm, she dress, she, she looks much older than she is.

Does she wear really tight pants and stuff like that?

Yes.

...You think she'll fuck?

Yeah, I think she will.

...Think she'll suck my dick?

Yeah.

...Actually, will she watch you suck my dick?

Yeah.

...You sure?

Uh-huh.

She'll watch you fuck me?

Right.

Are you sure?

Yes....

Is she—you think I'd want to fuck her?

Yeah, she's really pretty, really pretty.

...Really pretty?

Yes. She'll be sixteen, I think in, uhm, three or four weeks now.

Why don't you try to set it up?

...Yes, I will.

...You think she's gonna like this big dick?

Yeah, I believe she would.

Yeah?

Yeah.

What you gonna say to her?

...I'm gonna tell her that I used to go with you when I was sixteen.

...You may not want to tell her that, that age thing.

No?

Uhn-uhn.... So how did, how did this subject come up with this girl?

No, she was just...talking about sex.

Interesting. Where does she go to school?

Uh, she said, uhm, oh goodness, I think it's Our Lady of Peace, something like that.

Lady of Peace? A Catholic school?

Huh? Yes.

Jesus, a Catholic—

A Catholic school girl, right?

Did I win the Lotto!

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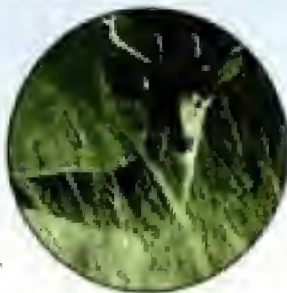
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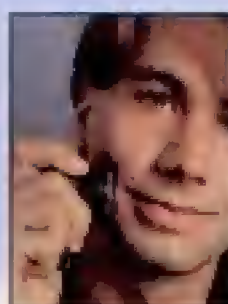


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- Checking for Head Warpage
- She's Not Fat...She's My Mom
- Gap-Toothed Women
- Dried Flower Fantasy
- Mouth Wrestling
- Carcass Judging
- Mickey Rooney on Acting
- Catalytic Converter Replacement: A Legal Issue
- Lice Are Not Nice
- Sid Caesar's Shape Up!
- Installing a Pre-Hung Door

- Sally Struthers' Walking Video
- Dealing With the S.O.B. Litigator
- Abandon Ship!
- How Pins Float on Water
- World of Dredging
- Mastering the Squat
- Garlic! Garlic! Garlic!
- The Slipcover Option
- Removal of the Brain
- How a Screw Works
- Noel Buys a Suit

Source: Bowker's Complete Video Directory, 1994

Bad Career Choice?

Some actual bylines from real publications:

Daniel T. Plager—*Sports Illustrated*
 Florence Fabricant—*New York Times*
 John Lie—*Monthly Review*
 John Liar—*The Independent*
 Aaron Leibel—*Jerusalem Post*
 Patti Muck—*Houston Chronicle*
 Damon Hack—*Fresno Bee*
 Walt Shill—*Wall Street Journal*
 Kevin C. Bias—*Dallas Morning News*
 Carl T. Bogus—*Tikkun*
 —Salma Abdelnour



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Take it easy.

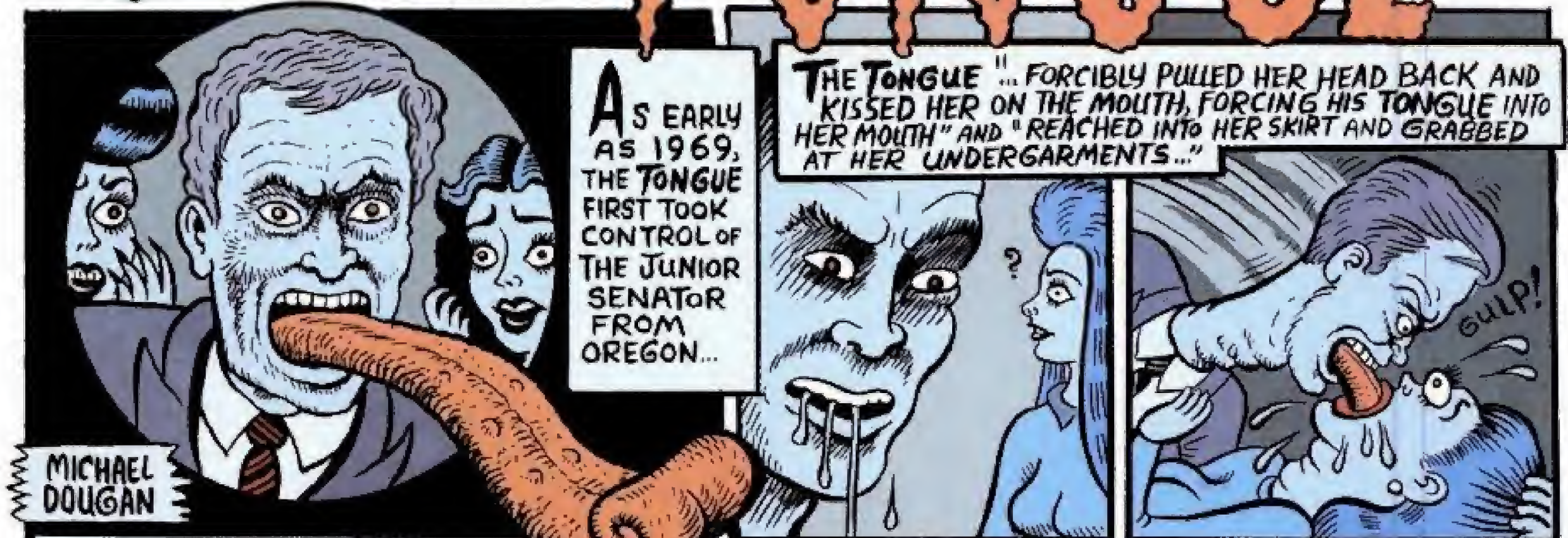


SOUTHERN COMFORT

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN PRESENTS:
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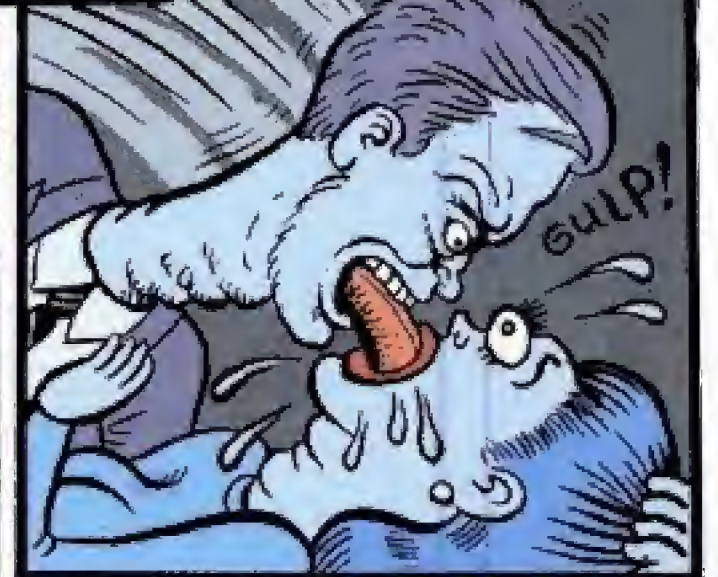
THE TONGUE



MICHAEL
DOUGAN

AS EARLY
AS 1969,
THE TONGUE
FIRST TOOK
CONTROL OF
THE JUNIOR
SENATOR
FROM
OREGON...

THE TONGUE "...FORCIBLY PULLED HER HEAD BACK AND
KISSED HER ON THE MOUTH, FORCING HIS TONGUE INTO
HER MOUTH" AND "REACHED INTO HER SKIRT AND GRABBED
AT HER UNDERGARMENTS..."

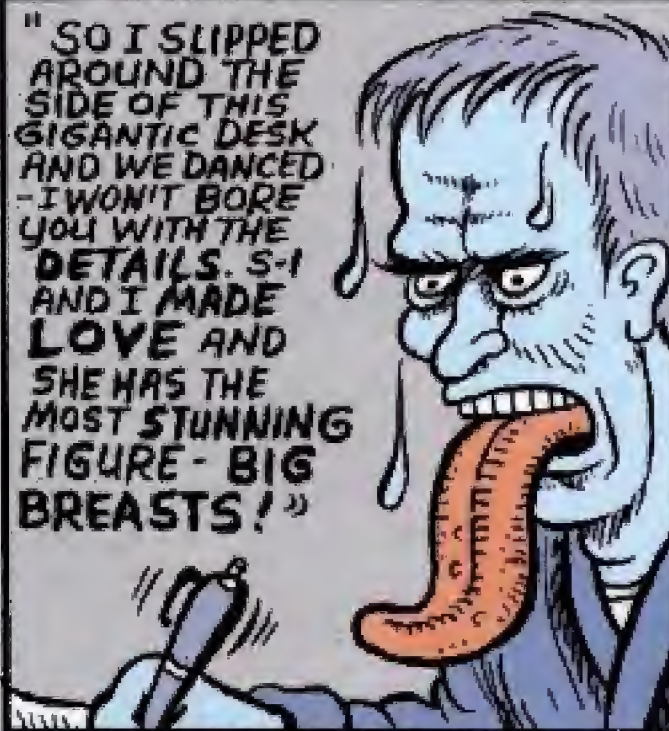


OVER THE YEARS,
THE TONGUE
WOULD STRIKE
AGAIN AND
AGAIN...



IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE,
HE BEGAN TO RECORD HIS
CONQUESTS IN A JOURNAL.

"SO I SLIPPED
AROUND THE
SIDE OF THIS
GIGANTIC DESK
AND WE DANCED
-I WON'T BORE
YOU WITH THE
DETAILS. S-I
AND I MADE
LOVE AND
SHE HAS THE
MOST STUNNING
FIGURE - BIG
BREASTS!"



THESE WORDS WOULD
COME BACK TO HAUNT HIM!

FINALLY, TRAPPED BY TOWNSPEOPLE,
THE TONGUE IS FORCED TO
REFLECT ON HIS INDISCRETIONS.

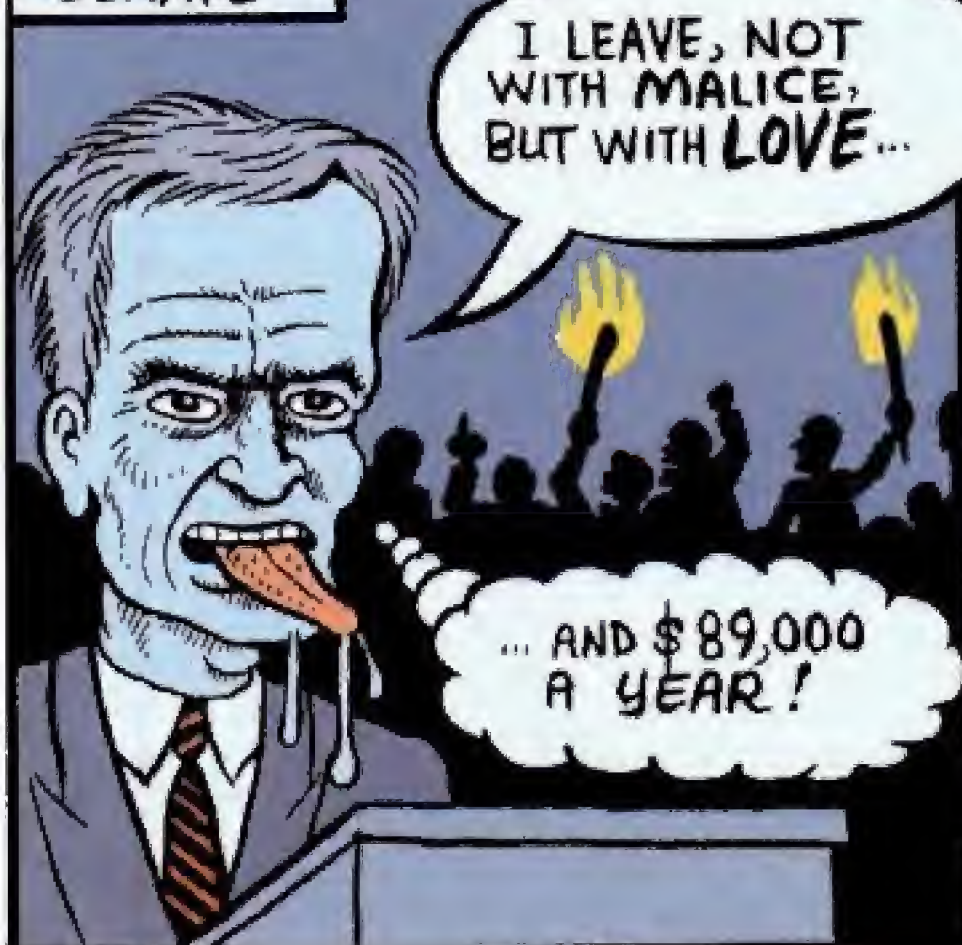
WHAT IS EVERYONE
SO PISSED OFF
ABOUT?



THE TONGUE ANNOUNCES HIS
RESIGNATION FROM THE U.S.
SENATE.

I LEAVE, NOT
WITH MALICE,
BUT WITH LOVE...

... AND \$89,000
A YEAR!



THE TONGUE GOES INTO
HIDING, AND UNDERGOES
RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY.



2004 THE BOB PACKWOOD-
MARION BARRY TICKET
WINS THE PRESIDENCY!



Lame Brands

License to Overkill

You're power lunching with the big boys at Bouley. You're dressed to impress, and you want to make a little noise by picking up the tab. In the high-powered '80s, you would've reached for your Gold Card; but in the feel-good '90s, you pay for the meal with something a little classier: the Private Issue Ringo Starr Discover Card.

Ringo Starr?

"It's like the Gold Card for Discover," a Private Issue representative told SPY. Except that this elite card is not gold at all but a heinous navy-blue, modern-art atrocity personally designed by the mastermind behind "Back Off Boogaloo" and "The No No Song."

Aside from power plastic designed by the ex-Beatle, two other celebrity card designs are also available: the Jane Seymour (*Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*) and the Florence Griffith Joyner. And what's the point of all this high-interest celebrity art? Licensing!

"Celebrity licensing is occurring more now than ever before," reports Karen Raugust, executive editor of the *Licensing Letter*. "More celebrities are realizing that licensing is a viable opportunity, whereas a few years ago that would not have occurred to them."

By lending their names to a product, celebrities can pick up a little cash, as well as make it seem like they have some semblance of a business aura: *Well, he can't be a complete and utter moron, you might say. After all, his face appears on the side of a toy truck.*

Case in point: the "Buddy L. Sonic Haulers" series, featuring country music stars Randy Travis, Billy Ray Cyrus, and Clint Black. These replicas of the "big rigs" that are part of any worthy country musician's entourage might not have rack-and-pinion steering and driver's side air bags, but they do feature a special button which, when pressed, allows children to hear one of the stars deliver a personal achy-breaky message.

The new surge of celebrity licensors can be divided into four

distinct genres of fame, according to Raugust: musicians, models, athletes, and actresses. At least the models make sense, as their career choice makes them walking billboards for the latest fashion, make-up, and hair products anyway. (Still, do we *really* need Kathy Ireland's Active Look Signature Collection of outdoor apparel, available at Kmart?)

The other three fields make for slightly more awkward ventures into the licensing game. In most cases, perhaps especially with athletes, licensing provides an income after their playing days are over. Shaquille O'Neal has a sneaker line with his name on them—Shaq Attack (by Reebok). That makes sense. But what of his "Shaqentine" line of Hallmark greeting cards?

And we all know that athletes can perspire, so they may like to smell particularly nice off the field. Perhaps that was the method behind the madness of tennis star Gabriela Sabatini's three fragrances, "Gabriela Sabatini," "Magnetic," and "Cascaya." (Word has it that the working name for the parfum was "Eau de Love...Fifteen.")

So where does the licensing trend draw the line? What products would be considered too tacky for endorsement? Not very many, considering the list already out there, including: Pete Rose's Charlie Hustle Cheese Dip and Charlie Hustle Stadium Style Corn Dog Sauce; George Jones's Country Gold Dog Food; and clothing lines from Jaclyn Smith (Kmart), Kathie Lee Gifford (Wal-Mart), Delta Burke ("real-size" women), and Tina Louise (Tina Louise Essentials).

—Lance Gould

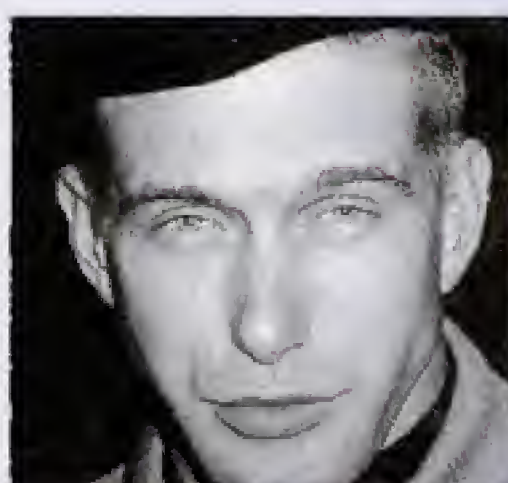
Separated at Birth?



Newt Gingrich...



...and Phil Donahue?



Stephen Baldwin...



...and Stan Laurel?



Sheryl Crow...



...and Heidi Fleiss?



Wynton Marsalis...



...and Steve Urkel?



Kathie Lee...



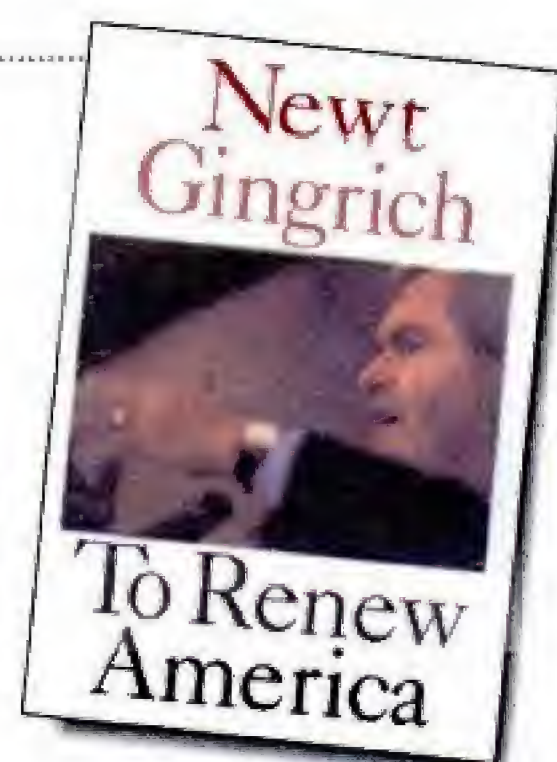
...and the Grinch?

The Newty Professor

Let No Man Write My Epilogue

One way to renew America, if Newt Gingrich's new book is any indication, is to reinvent its history. After reading the Speaker's "six major changes [necessary] to leave our children with an America that is prosperous, free, and safe," we wondered: Just how qualified is this man to recommend sweeping cultural changes? Eager to find out, SPY sent portions of the book to a former history professor at Reinhardt College, where Newt himself taught history. Shown below are pages from the book, along with the professor's comments.

—Michael Applebaum



That's the myth of America, not the reality. And it's a myth of a complacent America, one that does not question—and therefore one that would hardly have quibbled at—say, the Stamp Act.

The idea of an "Indispensable Man" suggests a most un-American appreciation of German ideas consigned to the dustbin of history by Lt. Robert Dole and millions of khaki-clad latter-day Jacksonians in 1945.

We teach best by example. Walk the walk.

America is an idea, the most idea-based civilization in history. To be an American is to embrace a set of values and living habits that have flourished on this continent for nearly four hundred years. Virtually anyone can become American simply by learning the ideas and habits of being an American.

When I talk with Henry Kissinger or Arnold Schwarzenegger, it is clear from their accents that they started somewhere else, but it is equally clear from their attitudes and behavior that they have become Americans.

Up until the mid-1960s children and immigrants alike were taught how to be American. From ceremonies (the Pledge of Allegiance, the opening prayer, "The Star-Spangled Banner") to historic holidays (the study of the Pilgrims at Thanksgiving, Washington and Lincoln on their birthdays) to stories in the schoolbooks, everyone absorbed a sense of how to be an American. Even myths such as Washington cutting down the cherry tree and not being able to tell a lie had a larger truth. Portrayed as the Father of Our Country, Washington was seen as the indispensable man, the individual on whose character and moral strength the nation was founded.

In the mid-1960s, this long-held consensus began to founder. The counterculture began to repudiate middle-class values—even though the creators of that counterculture were clearly middle class themselves. Multiculturalism switched the emphasis from proclaiming allegiance to the common culture to proclaiming the virtues (real or imagined) of a particular ethnicity, sect, or tribe. "Situational ethics" and "deconstructionism"—the belief that there are no general rules of behavior—began to supplant the centuries-old struggle to establish universal standards of right and wrong.

All this has led to a collapse in our ability to teach ethical behavior to our own people. Traditional history has been replaced by the notion that every group is entitled to its own version of the past. Moral standards have been replaced by "role-playing." Time once spent imprinting the accumulated wisdom of our culture is now spent creating and reinforcing a bogus and perfunctory "self-esteem."

An idea that is always becoming, never present in reality. The ideals of the Declaration were always to be striven for, rather than smugly applauded as "present." Skepticism toward authority and received wisdom, on the other hand, seems to be dominant theme of the thinking of the Founding Fathers.

"Traditional history" is, and always has been, merely the apology of the dominant class, not necessarily the majority. Toffler's acolytes in the Sandra Bullock vehicle *The Net* can create whatever "traditional history" they want, unless we want to affirm that Ms. Bullock's role is the Indispensable Person.

There is a genuine crisis in education and public life over whether we really are a civilization and whether there is anything in the American past worth transmitting. In schools around the country, Thanksgiving and other national holidays that once bound us together have been transformed—with dreary uniformity—into "multicultural holidays," when children are asked to celebrate nothing more than their own ethnicity—and, by implication, their own egos.

This decay of our civilization was brought home to me in December 1992 when I was with Owen Roberts, a long-range-planning consultant in Tampa. That was when President Bush announced we were sending American troops to Somalia to save millions from starving to death. Owen was beside himself with anger at what he saw as a wasted opportunity. "We will temporarily stop the warlords," he exclaimed. "We will temporarily feed the people. Then we will leave and the situation will decay again because we will not have taught the Somalis the rule of law, the concept of self-reliance, the principles of free markets, or any of the conditions of a healthy self-governing country. What a waste!"

Without thinking I blurted, "If we don't teach ourselves how to be American anymore, why do you think we would teach other people?" What I said frightened me. The very things we weren't teaching the Somalis weren't going to be taught to poor Americans trapped in the welfare state. If Americans are not getting the lessons of America from their parents or from the educational system, where are they going to learn them?

This realization led me to the idea of teaching American Civilization as a form of self-improvement. The old adage, after all, is that the best way to learn is to teach. A key reason for teaching was to gain some hands-on experience in what it means to be passing on the values of American civilization. The biggest surprise was to find how far most twentieth-century intellectuals have strayed from the assumptions and values of the Founding Fathers.

Ethnicity = ego?

The "problem" of Somalia hardly is reducible to pithy epigram-as-vignettes, but this seems to reject American action there. The implication is we should let them starve and they will know what it means to be an American.

History, and Somalia, wait for no man—indispensable or not. Should we then withdraw from the world until we relearn the American canon?



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Rulers of the Game

"I prefer a free-market system where the consumer has power, the consumer makes choices, the consumer knows the costs, and the producer tries to produce a better product at a lower cost to have a bigger market share by pleasing people." —Newt Gingrich

A GLINT OF SUN APPEARS on the horizon as the voice of Newt announces the dawning of The Third Wave, where people are so feverish to please other people that their ethical ice caps are melting. Wobbleworld. A flood of sales ruses and public-relations stunts is unleashed. Language and mores are forced to adapt. There is tremendous confusion about right and wrong, and the younger ones begin to grunt like Dennis Hopper.

Mutations are inevitable. Witness a bold new formulation of "honesty" from the NRA's Paul Blackman, who has been writing letters to the editor since the '70s in support of the gun and tobacco industries and signing them with the name of his invisible friend, "Theodore H. Fiddleman."

"In a sense," Blackman told the *Washington Post* recently, "I have enhanced honesty by letting people read a letter without the public saying, 'Oh, the NRA, let's dismiss this.'" Enhancement is one of the prime commandments in Third Wave information-age dogma, for the simple reason that unless you can give something the *appearance* of having been improved, you can only sell it once.

Recently, Blackman reports, he has been working closely with the new Republican leader-

ship, a great and wise council whose members are hot to "enhance" capitalism by taking it off its leash, and to enlighten the American people once and for all about the value of an unfettered free market.

Labyrinthine bureaucracies and generous public assistance have dulled our senses, and we are slow to understand. But we are trying to learn the goodness of their ways. Carefully, they explain the virtues of cutting burdensome regulations and rewarding the private sector with more discretion over its own affairs. They are so patient with us. And, after many months of C-SPAN lectures, we begin to understand: red tape—bad;

profit motive—good. The private sector is just people pleasing people. In a sense.

We get confused all over again, though, when we read a recent poll in which 95 percent of American business school students admitted cheating. *Enhanced honor code?* Plagiarism is also rampant, as several studies confirm "widespread unethical attitudes and practices [by] U.S. accounting students."

Men with cardigan sweaters and furrowed brows wear looks of distress and speak of rotten fruit. "We used to look at bad apples," University of Dayton professor John Quinn says of today's crop of MBA students. "Now we're focused on the barrel."

His colleague Philip Vorherr chimes in. "I don't know that there's a whole lot we can do," he tells me. "There have always been business scandals, but when my parents were growing up, they weren't exposed to this constant barrage of unethical behavior. They weren't exposed to the O.J. lawyers who'll do anything to get their client off, regardless of right and wrong."

While many of us tend to view a rapid ethical decline as a potential global threat, the students themselves prefer to think of the whole thing as a day at the movies. *Relax, dudes.*



"We're just taking a break," says one accounting student. "We'll likely get back to [the rules] later." No surprise that, given a chance to rate their own ethical values, they come out gleaming.

BUT MAYBE WE ARE being a little uptight, too quick to judge. Perhaps these young business scholars are more studious than even their professors realize. Cheating, plagiarizing, separating business school ethics from real life ethics—these up-and-comers may simply be taking the cues of two legendary "classical" business ethicists from Harvard.

Digging into the "Ethics, Inc." archives for a lesson on enhanced civility, we find this little missive: "Discard the Golden Rule," Albert Carr beckoned to all budding capitalists in a 1968 *Harvard Business Review* article which argued that "the ethics of business are game ethics, different from the ethics of religion... In the business game, truth-telling usually has to be kept within narrow limits if trouble is to be avoided."

A business ethicist and a keen family therapist, Carr also knew the importance of enhanced domestic tranquillity: "An executive's family life can easily be dislocated if he fails to make a sharp distinction between the ethical systems of the home and the office—or if his wife does not grasp that distinction."

As for the consumer, business game ethics help the confused purchaser sort through all of his or her psychological needs, explained former *Review* editor Theodore Levitt in 1970. "Embellishment and distortion are among advertising's legitimate and socially desirable purpose [sic]," he wrote. "The consumer suffers from an old dilemma: he wants 'truth,' but he also [needs] the alleviating imagery and tantalizing promise of the advertiser and designer."

Truth through fantasy. Healthy marriage through barbaric office behavior. The enhancement of life through marketing shenanigans. Mutations we learn to live with—or, just like Blackman, blame on an invisible friend.

—David Shenk

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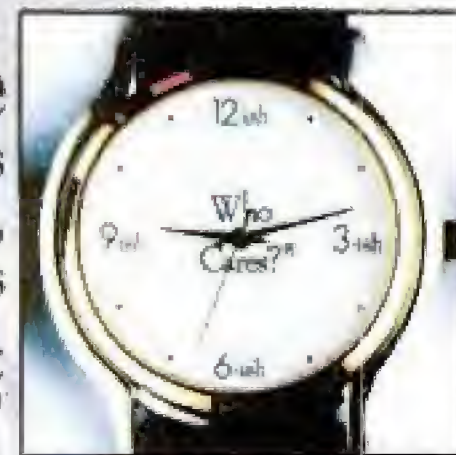
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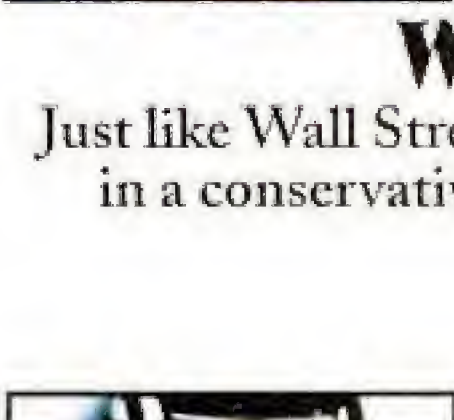
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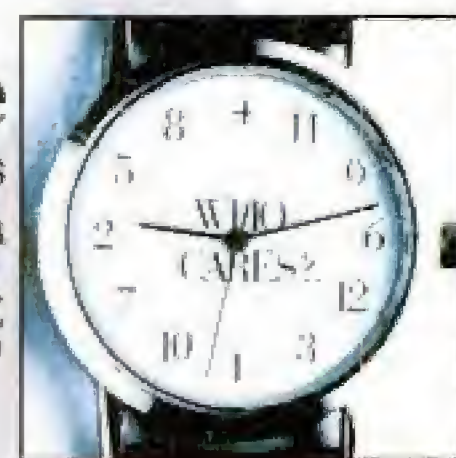
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"You Must Be Out of Your Mind"

A SPY Interview with Henry Kissinger

His soothingly phlegmatic monotone mumble is known the world over—from the inner sanctums of the White House, where he served as Secretary of State for eight years, to the rice paddies of Cambodia, where people still cheer the legacy of his delicate diplomacy. And while his

days as a Cabinet member are long over, Nobel Peace Prize laureate Henry Kissinger remains a vital member of the global body politic, recently knighted by Queen Elizabeth and still powerful enough to publicly scold Newt Gingrich like a truant schoolboy.

As if being one of the most influential political advisers of the 20th century weren't enough, "Dr. K" (as those close to Kissinger call him) has also made a name for himself on the social circuit, engaging in an extended fling with busty Bond girl Jill St. John and partying with the likes of Hollywood player/coke addict Robert Evans.

So how does he wind down after all this action? We spent the last 10 months trying to find out.

Last September, SPY received a press release from the Ohashi Institute—a non-profit worldwide organization dedicated to spreading a brand of shiatsu massage (which they do, for \$65 a session) invented by a bespectacled elfin Japanese masseur named Ohashi. The release boasted that Dr. Henry Kissinger himself was giving a speech on behalf of the institute at an occasion entitled "Touch for Peace."

Posing as the editors of a well-known health magazine, we journeyed to a Las Vegas-style ethnic eatery in which 2-in-1-decorative-ceiling-ornament-security-camera-clusters did not seem out of place. In

addition to the speech, the Institute was running a silent auction, with a signed copy of Kissinger's latest tome up for grabs—alongside sessions with a psychic whose press kit was, even for a psychic, downright weird.

What was Henry Kissinger doing here?

What did the institute have on him? Nude pictures in a Thai brothel? Plagiarism at Harvard? Could *he* have been Deep Throat?

As we were wondering where this trail might lead, some of the representatives of the Institute not-so-subtly hinted that in exchange for an article in our "magazine," they might be able to put us in touch with the great man himself.

Over a period of many months, we wheedled, cajoled, and out-

right lied to land a chat with Dr. K.

We interviewed everyone but the

janitor for our pending

"article." We visited the Institute's New York branch, watched a few Ohashiatsu rubdown sessions, and even kept straight faces as the instructors earnestly explained that the human body is composed of energy zones called "meridians"—and that if you are in the midst of a cardiac arrest, the proper emergency procedure is to bite your fingertip.

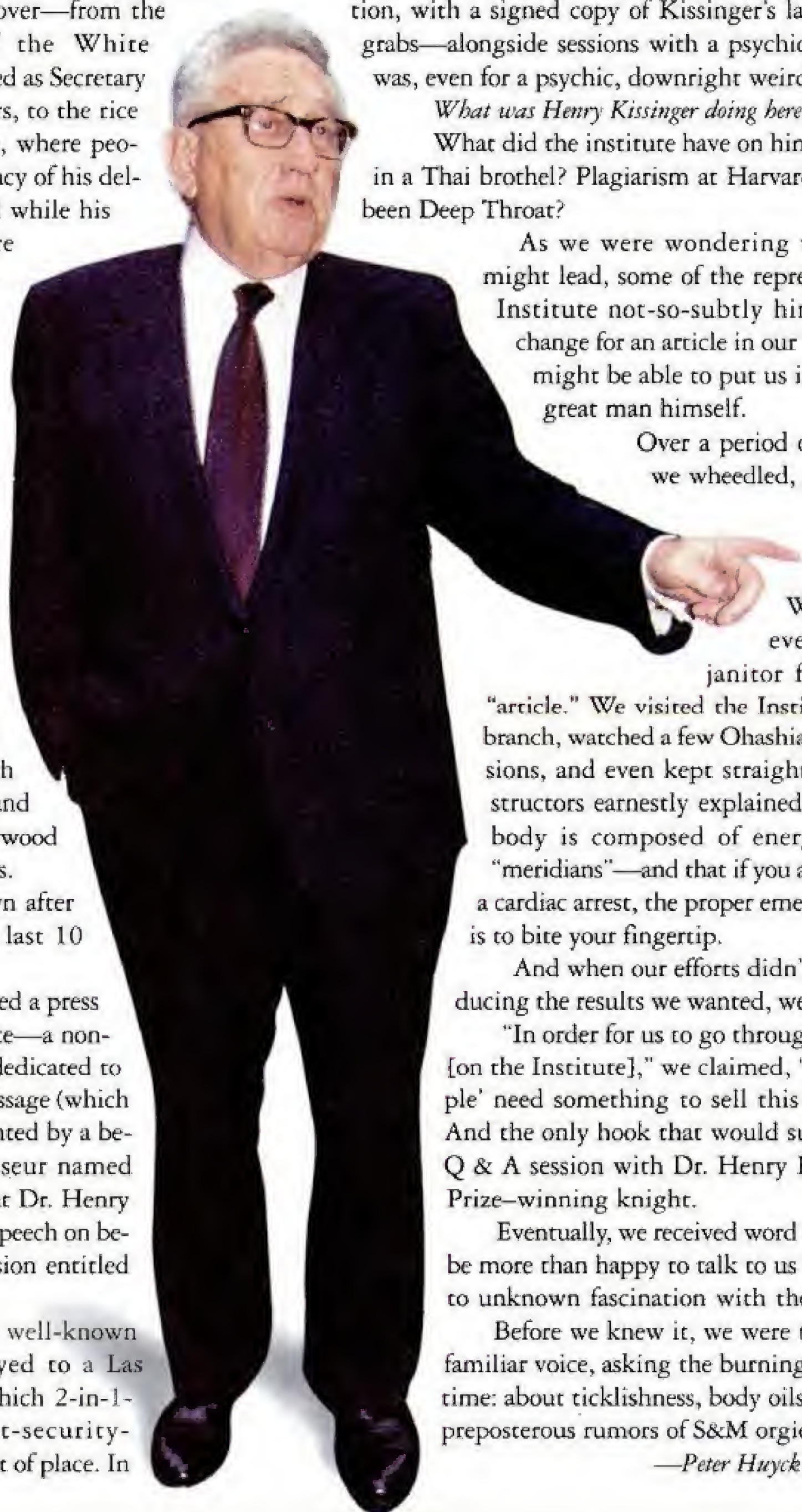
And when our efforts didn't seem to be producing the results we wanted, we played hardball.

"In order for us to go through with this piece [on the Institute]," we claimed, "the 'money people' need something to sell this story—a hook." And the only hook that would suffice would be a Q & A session with Dr. Henry Kissinger, Nobel Prize-winning knight.

Eventually, we received word that Dr. K would be more than happy to talk to us about his hitherto unknown fascination with the art of massage.

Before we knew it, we were talking with that familiar voice, asking the burning questions of our time: about ticklishness, body oils, and thoroughly preposterous rumors of S&M orgies....

—Peter Huyck and Alex Gregory



SPY: *How did you get involved with the Ohashi Institute?*

DR. HENRY KISSINGER: To tell you the truth, I don't know how I got involved with Ohashi; somebody recommended him to me, but I forget who that was. It certainly was a very happy occasion.

SPY: *Do you know how long ago that was?*

HK: About eight years.

SPY: *Have you suffered any stress-related illnesses?*

HK: No.

SPY: *During which period in your life were you under the most stress? How did you deal with it?*

HK: When I was in government for eight years...and...uh...I don't think I had a particular way of dealing with it.

SPY: *So you didn't get massaged back then?*

HK: Uh...I got occasionally [a massage], but not regularly.

SPY: *Have you ever experimented with other New Age healing methods, like crystals, aromatherapy, or chanting?*

HK: No.

SPY: *When you're getting a massage, do you prefer it hard or soft?*

HK: Well, he doesn't really do a massage as such, he does shiatsu...

Generally, I prefer it hard, but that's irrelevant to him.

SPY: *Are you ticklish?*

HK: Skip that one.

SPY: *What part of your body needs the most massaging?*

HK: Lower back.

SPY: *Do you wear clothes during the massage sessions or do you do it au naturel?*

HK: I wear pajamas.

SPY: *Do they use any special oils or lotions?*

HK: None...no oils.

SPY: *Are you experienced enough with the Ohashiatsu technique to massage someone else?*

HK: No.

SPY: *Is it possible to massage yourself?*

HK: I doubt it.

SPY: *You've traveled all over the world to hundreds of exotic countries; where can you get the best rubdown?*

HK: Oh, there are a number of places...I'll confine myself to Ohashi.

SPY: *So you'd just recommend him and no one else?*

HK: No, I don't want to get into all these other questions.

SPY: *Is there a particular massage session or Ohashi session that stands out as the best you've ever had?*

HK: No, they're about all the same standard.

SPY: *Do you find it preferable to be massaged by a man or a woman?*

HK: I've never had shiatsu by a woman.

SPY: *Many men experience penile arousal during massage. How do you control it?*

HK: Many WHAT?!

SPY: *Many men experience penile arousal—that was something {an instructor} had told me about, and that it was a problem. Do you have any way of controlling that?*

HK: I-I-I-I don't want to answer these questions.

SPY: *Oh, okay—we often ask questions that sound kind of clinical, to get people interested.*

HK: Okay, ask one or two more, and then we'll cut it out.

SPY: *Is your life still stressful now that you're out of government? How do you deal with it?*

HK: My life is still stressful, and I get occasional shiatsu.

SPY: *How much of an impact has Ohashiatsu had on your life?*

HK: He's been very helpful, and I've been very grateful to him.

SPY: *There's a rumor going around that the Ohashi Institute has group S&M sex sessions at its retreats in upstate New York—how often did you take part in this?*

HK: I've never been at the Institute, so I don't know.

SPY: *Off the record, who was Deep Throat?*

HK: You must be out of your mind. [hangs up]

End of interview.



"Generally, I prefer it hard. But that's irrelevant to him."

SPY

vs. Spies

When investigative reporter **STUART GOLDMAN** went undercover at several tabloid news organizations, he expected to find sleazy goings-on. What he didn't expect were bribery, blackmail, wire-tapping, fraud—and Federal agents bursting through his door to arrest him. His investigation revealed the following.

To begin with, as an investigative reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* and other publications, I often adopted a bogus identity. That technique enabled me to uncover an assortment of scammers, gurus, and con artists. At least two talk show hosts dubbed me a "cult buster" after the *L.A. Weekly* and *L.A. Reader* published articles I'd written—including one on a guy who called himself "Zen Master Rama" and another on an ex-motivational speaker who'd reincarnated as TV evangelist, Reverend Terry Cole-Whittaker. In 1988, I spent six months posing as someone who believed they'd been abducted by aliens in order to do an exposé of a UFO cult. But the idea to write a piece involving an undercover investigation of the tabloid industry grew out of single tabloid headline: "CRAZED FAN CUTS OFF EAR AND SENDS IT TO CHER!"

Who writes this stuff? I wondered. Do they make it up, or is it real? Where do they get their information? The proverbial light bulb flashed. Using the pseudonym T. L. Wilsher, I called the headquarters of *The National Enquirer* in Lantana, Florida. Two days later I found myself in their L. A. office sitting across the desk from a Hawaiian shirt-clad guy named Steve Coz.





The tabloids have a more powerful network of sources than the FBI, or any other agency.

"How good are your sources?" he asked, getting right to the bottom line.

"Excellent."

"We pay \$150 a day," Coz said after a long pause. "If you come up with a lead that makes the cover, it's \$1,500. Our top people make six figures a year."

"I'm your man," I said, standing up.

And just like that, I was in.

In the beginning, I got the grunt work—the stakeouts, the follow-home jobs. As a "stringer," I was assigned to surveil the homes of Jack Nicholson, Sylvester Stallone, Justine Bateman, Chuck Norris, Tom Hanks, Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie Presley (pre-wedding), Axl Rose, Magic Johnson, Arsenio Hall, Ed McMahon, Bruce Jenner, and Sammy Davis Jr. I hung out in dank hospital hallways, holding the standard tabloid prop—a bouquet of flowers—hoping to ID the likes of Marlon Brando (who, according to the *Enquirer*, was recovering from some "medical emergency") and Ringo Starr.

It didn't take me long to convince my editors I had a higher calling than stakeouts. My forté was "social engineering"—better known to the tabloid reporter as telephone spoofing. Of course, I knew that pretending to be someone else on the phone wasn't enough to get the major dirt on people. So how do they do it? It didn't take long to find that out, either.

"The tabloids have a more powerful network of informants than the FBI—or any other government agency," an ex-tabloid reporter told me. That was no exaggeration. The tabloids have "sources" literally *everywhere*: film and TV studios, record companies, PR agencies, law firms, doctor's offices, courthouses, banks, police departments, social security offices, the DMV, hospitals—you name it. In addition, there are a host of masseuses, bodyguards, hairdressers, bartenders, gardeners, limo drivers, agents, friends, neighbors, relatives, and lovers who regularly peddle dirt for bucks.

The result is a national intelligence network capable of gaining access to virtually any piece of information it desires.

Still, in order to get the really good stuff—credit records, sealed court documents, hospital records, unlisted phone numbers, bank balances, the contents of safe-deposit boxes—you need more than bodyguards and masseuses. So how do the tabloids get *this* stuff?

They steal it, of course.

Naturally, the tabs are not dumb enough to do this themselves. So they pay other people to do it for them: sleazoid PIs, ex-cops, computer hackers, information brokers. Anyone willing to grease the right palm, get that confidential information—whatever it takes.

I WOULD BE LYING THROUGH my teeth if I said I'd previously experienced anything like the world of the tabloids. Almost immediately after submerging myself in this world, I knew I had a great story. What I didn't know was that I had embarked upon a journey that would eat up, cancer-like, the next five years of my life—a journey that would see me going toe-to-toe with an incredibly powerful, multi-billion-dollar industry.

The tabloids are, as I would experience first-hand, in the business of smearing reputations and subverting the truth. If the blatant fabrication of stories—and the lying, backstabbing, bribery, blackmail, intimidation, mail theft, wiretapping, leaking of disinformation, and computer hacking used to get those stories—wasn't what I initially expected, I quickly learned otherwise.

Item: I sat in the car as a tabloid stringer stole mail out of the mailboxes of his targets. He checked names off a list as he made his rounds.

Item: I observed as a tabloid source, a skilled hacker, cracked the code on his target's answering machine—allowing him to play back all of the person's private messages.

Item: I watched as a tabloid stringer, using an unautho-

rized access code, tapped into the TRW and TransUnion databases and pulled credit reports on a number of stars (or their relatives), including Demi Moore, Tom Selleck, and Frank Sinatra.

Item: I was told by a major tabloid source that he had bribed an employee in the social security office into coughing up the social security numbers of a long list of celebrities. According to the source, the money was given to him by the tabs, who had full knowledge of where it was going.

Blackmail is a regular activity at the tabloids—though it's not called that. It's called "cooperation." Here's how it works: The tabloids get some serious dirt on a star (a photo of him or her in a compromising position, for example). They go to the star and say, "We'll kill this story; but we'd like you to cooperate with us on ten other stories." The star, who in many cases says yes, has now become "a friend" of the tabloids. According to insiders, some tabloid "friends" include Billy Graham, Bill Cosby, Kenny Rodgers, Linda Blair, and Michael Jackson.

I also watched in amazement as stories were fabricated out of whole cloth. Example: A tabloid reporter calls up Child Protective Services and poses as the mother of a child who attends the same school as Roseanne's daughter. The reporter states that Roseanne is abusing the child. Per their obligation, CPS begins an investigation. Then the tabs stake out Roseanne's house. Soon an investigator from CPS shows up and—bingo! The tabs now have a "legit" story: "ROSEANNE BEING INVESTIGATED FOR CHILD ABUSE."

The tabloids also create bogus "sources" by sending checks to people who, while contributing information to other stories, have never worked on the story for which they're being paid. In some cases, they've never worked on a story, period; they've been paid, for example, for giving the reporter a massage. But once the checks are cashed, the tabloids can say they have written proof of "paid" sources.

Another libel-proofing practice, called "story laundering," involves leaking a potentially libelous item to a foreign (primarily London-based) tabloid. Once the information is published, it can be "re-run," with possible added protection from a defamation suit.

These activities weren't conducted clandestinely, either. The tabloid reporters I dealt with seemed particularly proud of what they'd been able to accomplish. And what if a celebrity decides, as several have, to fight back?

So much the better. Just ask the *Enquirer's* David Perel, who once bragged in *Rolling Stone*: "When it comes to adversarial relationships, we relish it. *The National Enquirer* is like a pack of wild dogs. Let us loose and we'll savage you."

A few days after I'd signed on at the *Enquirer*, I started freelancing for the rival tabloid *The Star*. So now I was a double agent. Why not try for three? It wasn't difficult: just one more phone call and I was working for *The Globe*. Initially, I had used a different name at each paper—thanks in part to some advice given me by my supervisor at the *Enquirer*, Lydia Encinas, a 15-year tabloid veteran.

"Just about anything goes in this business," Encinas said. "But one thing you must never do is double deal. You must be

absolutely loyal to the *Enquirer*!" (At the very same moment, meanwhile, Encinas was re-selling her *Enquirer* leads, under the table, to the London tabloids.)

In March of '89, I became a quadruple agent, having been hired by *A Current Affair* as a freelancer to produce a segment based upon my UFO-cult story. I was given a parking pass, access to the newsroom, a password to the computer system, and office space on the Fox Television lot in Hollywood.

My office-mate at Fox was Riva Dryan—a massively obese woman with a teensy-weensy voice and a thick Cockney accent. A 10-year tabloid veteran, Dryan became my tour guide into the land of the bottom feeder, explaining many of the scams, cons, and hustles. More important, she gave me my first real glimpse into the soul of that strange beast known as the tabloid reporter. It wasn't a pretty sight.

"[Tabloid reporters] are trapped in a Floridian promise that never amounts to anything more than death," Dryan told me. "My job is to figure out a decent way to make a living without having to talk to these assholes ever again."

DRYAN WAS made to order. She was cynical, she had no loyalty to her employers, and—best of all—she loved to blab. Still, shortly after signing on at Fox, I revealed to her the real reason I was working at the tabs. For a time, Dryan became my confidante on a project called "Snitch"—an investigation into the sleazy world of tabloid journalism.

Despite the tabloids' ability to procure virtually any information they wanted, there was one piece of information that remained outside their grasp: How to neutralize a man named Gavin de Becker. De Becker is a prominent consultant on safety and privacy to many public figures. His clients (whom he personally refuses to name) include the likes of Cher, Madonna, Olivia Newton-John, Michael J. Fox, and Oprah Winfrey.

De Becker has consistently thwarted the tabs in their attempts to get to these people. Case in point: Michael J. Fox's wedding, when the *Enquirer*, *Star*, and *Globe* all tried—and failed—to get exclusive photos. In addition, he has made a mini-crusade out of toying with the tabs—feeding them disinformation, sending their reporters on bogus journeys halfway around the globe, forcing them to run retractions, dragging them into court, and in general making them look like the buffoons that they are.

Example: A man wanting to sell the tabloids stolen photos of Madonna is flown to Los Angeles for a meeting. What he doesn't know is that he's been negotiating with de Becker's operatives. He doesn't know they were on the flight with him; he doesn't know that the \$50,000 in cash sitting on the table is de

Working at Hard Copy was like some weird tabloid bacchanalia. But the staff were pros.

Becker's; he doesn't know that the man who closes the deal with him is an FBI agent who has been trained by de Becker to act "like a sleazy tabloid reporter." When the seller forks over the stolen photos and puts out his hand for the money, he's handcuffed and hauled away by federal agents.

The result? The tabloids never got what they were looking for, and in Madonna's book *SEX*, she extended personal thanks to de Becker and the FBI for rescuing photos "that would make J. Edgar Hoover roll over."

IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS WHY the tabloids wanted this man off their backs. In fact, one of the reasons I got work so readily (though I didn't know it at the time) was that they learned that I'd been an acquaintance of de Becker's since 1978, when I'd profiled him for the *L.A. Times*. Steve Coz told me one afternoon that if I could set up a meeting with de Becker, it would be more than worth my while. I got the same line from Fox TV, who, while I was employed there, attempted to lure him into the fold by hiring him as a "consultant" on some of their stories. He wisely declined.

In September 1989, I was hired as a staff producer by a new show being shot over at Paramount, called *Tabloid*. (It later changed its name to *Hard Copy*.) Unlike the staffers at *A Current Affair*, the crew at *Hard Copy* consisted of pros. The three main suits—Mark Monsky, John Parsons, and Linda Bell—all had network-news backgrounds, as did senior producer Doug Bruckner.

Hard Copy's initial shtick was to posture itself as "a cut above" the other tabloid shows. "We're not gonna get down in the gutter like *A Current Affair*," Parsons told me. But that notion evaporated the moment I saw the story rundown, which boasted titles such as Satanic Therapy, Celebrity Stalker, Drano Killer, Bodybuilding Sex Slave, and Hot Cream Wrestling.

Working at *Hard Copy* was like being in some weird tabloid bacchanalia: Cocaine was snorted behind closed doors; blowjobs and quickies were in abundance; and hookers were paid to sleep with celebrities in order to procure information from them. Just as they had at Fox, *Hard Copy* reporters ripped off each other's stories with abandon. Case in point: A week after I interviewed Ruth Robinson, José Menendez's mistress (who happened to be my entrée into the show), the interview tapes mysteriously disappeared from the *Hard Copy* library. It would be a year before I discovered that they'd been taken by another *Hard Copy* reporter.

After finishing the Menendez segment, my next assignment was to produce a piece about a female bodybuilder who'd been held captive and sexually abused by her boyfriend. The woman consented to the interview on the condition that her face not be shown when the piece aired. But when I got back to the studio and ran the footage, Parsons had other ideas.

"This broad is too fuckin' good looking," he said. "No way we're gonna block out her face."

I reminded Parsons that we'd promised her anonymity.

"Fuck her," he said. "Let her sue us."

ONE DAY, RE-search Director Tom Colbert—a chronic back-slapper with a penchant for plaid pants and cheap white shirts—called me into his cubicle. "Stu, I need to tell you something," he began.

"Certain people here think you're a spy for Fox TV." It was everything I could do to keep a straight face.

"A spy?!" I blanched, feigning innocence. "Jesus, Tom, how could you even suggest such a thing?"

"Well, I just wanted you to know what people are saying," he said. "That's my job." (Actually, Colbert's "job" was to fink on the underlings to the suits upstairs. One producer who was finked on for having lunch with a reporter from the *Enquirer* was fired because of it.)

The irony of Colbert's remarks, of course, was that I *was* a spy—but not for Fox. Even more ironic was the fact that only a day earlier, Bell and Parsons had approached me on this very subject.

"We're very interested obtaining the *Current Affair* story rundown," Bell said, not looking me in the eye.

Parsons later clarified to me in his office that he wasn't suggesting I actually *do* anything. "We know you have contacts at Fox," he said. "If you can help us determine what they're working on, we'd be very indebted to you."

My stint as a tabloid investigator was going smoothly. I now had gigs at every major tabloid, both print and television. (I'd recently been hired by *Inside Edition* to produce a segment on a drive-by shooting.) Maybe they suspected me, but so far nobody had busted my chops. Everything was cool.

Or so I thought.

At 9:15 A.M. on March 8, 1990, I was sitting alone in my living room when I heard an extremely loud banging at the front door. I got up and looked through the peephole, and was startled when I saw what appeared to be the eye of a television camera staring back at me. Then I heard: "Open

the door or we're gonna kick it down!"

I opened the door.

A SLEW OF MEN WITH blue windbreakers and bullet-proof vests rushed in, immediately followed by a camera crew. It appeared that several of the men had either used an abundance of hair spray, or else they were sporting really bad wigs. "Hands up!

Hands up against the wall!" one of them screamed.

A short cop with his hair combed backwards over his bald spot pressed a snub-nosed .38 against the back of my head, while a Secret Service agent shoved his gun into my gut. Two hours later, after the proverbial "search," I was led out the door in handcuffs. As I exited the doorway, a guy stuck a TV camera in my face. I gave him my best shit-eating grin. On the way to the car, I caught a glimpse of Fox TV anchor Dave Bryan running across my front lawn, yelling frantically into a cell phone.

"That was pretty neat that you guys got to bring the Fox news crew along," I said to the tiny cop during the ride downtown. "Who arranged for that, anyhow?"

No answer.

Fingerprints. Mug shots. Bad dream. I was booked on both state and federal charges of making illegal access to the Fox TV computer system.

The following morning, stories of my arrest ran in the *L. A. Times*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the *New York Post*. "FOX HACKER SUSPECT ARRESTED!" one headline screamed. "TABLOIDS STRIKE BACK! POLICE STING NABS EXPOSÉ WRITER" blared another. In the articles, I had

been given a new nickname: The Hollywood Hacker. Despite myself, I thought it had kind of a nice ring to it.

I spent one night in the felony tank at Parker Center. My attorney showed up the next day to appear before the Federal Magistrate, and I was released on my own recognizance. I arrived home just in time to see my face on the Fox evening news.

How interesting that Fox was the only network who'd seen fit to run the story (which, by the way, they had conveniently promo-ed all afternoon). The segment was titled—what else—"The Hollywood Hacker." And it was a beaut. It reminded me of an outtake from *Cops*. It showed the guys in the bad wigs and bulletproof vests perched outside my door with their guns drawn; it also showed the Secret Service agent who carried out my ancient computer (no hard drive!) and a couple of boxes of floppies.

"Newsrooms around the country are shuddering!" yammered Dave Bryan. I sat and watched with the rapt attention one gives a bad movie. My wife remarked that Fox hadn't even bothered to pixilate my face—a courtesy they do afford the dope pushers who get busted nightly on *Cops*.

So what had I actually done? Had I been in the Fox com-

puters? Absolutely. Like others, I had been given an access code during the time in which I worked for Fox—a code that was never revoked. With my tabloid investigation still underway, I continued to use the system openly (a fact that was well known, not only to Riva Dryan, but also to at least two of Fox's producers in New York).

Fox, however, alleged that I "hacked" into their system in order to steal stories to sell to the *Globe*. That was absolutely untrue. What Fox had done was put together a sting operation to trap a (supposedly) unauthorized user; they did this by planting bogus "leads" on stories that were untrue. Although Fox claimed to have no idea who they were after, I intended to prove that they knew *precisely* who it was. And that the whole operation was, in fact, a set up intended to thwart and/or discredit my exposé on the tabloids by painting me as the same kind of journalist I was exposing.

In the meantime, though, I couldn't help feeling dis-



turbed by a certain glaring irony. At the same time Fox was accusing *me* of spying, they were engaged in a nifty little spying scam of their own.

For at least a year, Fox had been intercepting the satellite uplink from *Inside Edition*—a new tabloid show produced by King World, their most serious competitor. Since *Inside Edition* ran previews of its upcoming stories at the end of each segment, Fox could get the jump on particular stories and run them in advance of their rival's scheduled air date.

Maury Povich, in his autobiography *Current Affairs*, describes the practice as such:

"The launch date for Inside Edition was January of 1989, and we went shopping around the satellites, trying to find out what stories they were going to do. That's how shows worked—they fiddled around with frequencies and latched onto the communications channels and listened in on the shop talk. It was spying. We all did it, switching around the dials, trying to pick up their satellite, pointing the transponders to find their bird so we could listen to their teleconferences and their stations...trying to find out what stories they were after.

Maybe it's illegal, but that's the Front Page mentality."

I FACING SEVEN FELONY counts, I hired top-notch defense attorneys Michael Adelson and Alan Rubin to handle my case. (Rubin had represented reputed computer hacker Kevin Mitnick and Adelson had a rep as a bulldog.) I also retained my own team of investigators, headed up by Ted Gunderson, former Special Agent in charge of the L. A. offices of the FBI.

Rubin immediately fired off a letter to Christopher Reynolds, U.S. Attorney. In it, he outlined the tabloids' sting operation and stated that I, as well as the authorities, were be-

ing used as pawns in what amounted to a malicious personal vendetta. Three days later, the Feds dropped all charges against me. But deputy district attorney Richard Lowenstein, arguing the state's case (and acting as though he'd caught someone who'd been selling top-secret documents to the Russians), was another story. "Your man is gonna go to prison," he bragged to my attorneys.

"This case is bullshit," Rubin told me. "Frankly, I can't understand why the D.A. even filed it."

The answer of course, was that Fox had juice. At every one of my court appearances, the D.A. was accompanied by a phalanx of vocal Fox attorneys—led by a hatchet-faced woman named Muriel Reis, V.P. of Fox Television Legal Affairs in New York. In addition to their in-house attorneys, Fox had hired two (count em!) powerful Century City law firms, not to mention a criminal law "expert" in the name of Jan Lawrence Handzlik.

All to prosecute little ol' me.

I didn't get it. Why did Fox need all this firepower? Why was the head of their legal department flying out to Los Angeles to attend all of my court appearances? "You might be a good reporter," one of my lawyers chided me, "but you obviously don't know much about politics. Fox wants to make an example of you. You are the messenger boy for anyone who decides to fuck with them."

Actually, it wasn't just Fox. When we began to obtain discovery (documents used by the prosecution in making their case), we found numerous faxes from *The National Enquirer* to the Fox legal department regarding specific details about my case. Further, when we were given the list of witnesses set to testify against me, it included not only *A Current Affair* staffers, but those of *The Reporters* (a Fox tabloid program that went belly-up), the *Globe* and *Hard Copy*, as well.

I also noted that Riva Dryan's name was listed as the complainant in the original report to the LAPD.

The press had given me a nickname: the Hollywood Hacker. It had a nice ring to it.



Anthony Pellicano

"Remember, you're fighting on their turf," de Becker cautioned me. "Their intent is to do to you exactly what they do to people on a daily basis: destroy your reputation."

The tabloids' agenda quickly came into focus. The District Attorney told my lawyers that Fox, bless their little hearts, recognized my lack of financial resources and would be willing to settle the case. But first I'd have to sign a contract stating I would not "in any way exploit [my] experiences either for profit, publicity, or otherwise." Here again was reason to believe that this case was about getting me to kill my exposé, plain and simple.

Furthermore, Fox argued I should "publicly apologize to Fox Television and *A Current Affair*." Apologize to *A Current Affair*? Yeah, right. I refused. Then Fox showed its teeth. Their estimation of "damages" jumped from \$41,000 to \$90,000. When my attorneys attempted to subpoena their people, I was accused of "frivolous and malicious harassment of Fox employees."

For a while, I took my attorneys' advice and kept my mouth shut, turning down all requests for interviews. Meanwhile, Fox took every opportunity to hype the media circus they'd created, sending camera crews to all of my court appearances and continually leaking items to the press. Finally I couldn't take it any longer. I appeared on segments of CNN, the *Today* show, *AM Los Angeles* and *Entertainment Tonight*. When I showed up on a segment of *60 Minutes*, which exposed the *Enquirer's* phony sourcing scam, the tabloids went ballistic.

They accused me, de Becker, and Rod Lurie (a *Los Angeles* magazine reporter who'd embarked upon his own tabloid investigation) of engaging in a smear campaign against them. Iain Calder, editor-in-chief at the *Enquirer*, began showing up on TV, announcing to the world that his paper was "under siege."

"A cadre of Hollywood powerful are trying to stop us," he intoned. "But we refuse to be scared off. *The National Enquirer* will not be silenced!" Considering that Calder represents the nation's leading smear rag, it was a fairly amusing performance.

Fox sent in its own hitman—in the person of jowly, mealy-mouthed gossip-maven Mitchell Fink (no pun intended), who skewered me on *Fox Entertainment News*.

"I'm surprised," Fink huffed, "that *60 Minutes* would include Goldman's comments against the *Enquirer* without telling the audience about his legal problems."

Fink went on to reiterate the charges against me. "As with most things connected to the supermarket tabloids," he declared, his voice increasingly indignant, "this is a tawdry story with no good guys...only rogues who profit from passing information. It's these very characters who give my line of work a bad name!"

After five days of unreturned calls, I finally got Fink on the phone. I barely managed to get the words "cowardly piece of shit" out of my mouth before Fink told me he had to get off the line. "I'll call you right back," he said.

That was the last I heard from him.

Over the course of the next 18 months, my life turned into something resembling *The Net*. In addition to having

bogus "fuck you," letters sent to the D.A. with my name forged, I was accused of breaking into the homes of tabloid reporters, super-gluing their car trunks shut (a nifty idea), bugging their phones, stealing their mail, and planting bombs in their cars. The D.A.'s office was barraged with calls from tabloid reporters who complained that they were being "harassed" and "threatened."

My family members were telephoned by nameless people from nonexistent organizations trying to ply information out of them. My ex-wife was called by an *Enquirer* reporter who asked if she were aware that I was a bigamist. I was portrayed as the member of a satanic cult and, later, of a neo-Nazi organization who'd painted swastikas on a temple in Encino (the same temple at which I was bar mitzvahed!).

Gavin de Becker, Rod Lurie, and I each had our credit records illegally accessed; our phone records pulled; and our homes called by a tabloid reporter pretending to be a representative of Pacific Bell, in an attempt to gain access to our unlisted telephone lines.

Fred Wolfson, an ex-cop who specialized in phone bugs, confirmed that I had a tap on my main line. "I can get rid of it," he said. "But it'll be back on there within 24 hours."

Wolfson suggested I start using pay phones.

THE *ENQUIRER'S* CHIEF goon, Anthony Pellicano, began a nonstop campaign to hound Lurie, de Becker, and me. Pellicano was right out of a bad Fifties B-movie; he loved to do the good cop/bad cop bit. He threatened, he bullied, he wheedled, he cajoled. When I changed my private telephone number—which I did frequently—he'd call just to let me know he'd made the new number.

I knew exactly what the tabs were doing. I recognized their methodology from my work with cults. Keep your enemy off balance, the logics goes. Fuck with his mind in every way possible. The Scientologists once referred to these as "Fair Game" tactics.

I tried to stay focused on my goal. I didn't believe for a moment I'd be convicted of anything. After all, I had the truth on my side. But as the months went by, my optimism (to say nothing of my bank account) began to wane. Piles of legal documents, unserved subpoenas, transcripts, records, tapes, phone bills, newspaper clippings, and other detritus littered the floor of my tiny apartment. And, to add insult to injury, my wife had taken a hike on me.

I was just about fried.

On May 28, 1991, I plead *no lo contendre* to three counts of unauthorized access to a computer system. I was given probation, restitution, and community service. Had it not been for a letter written to the court by de Becker, I believe I would have gotten jail time. In that letter, he wrote:

Do you really want to
ask this guy to give you a
“Screaming Orgasm”?



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"It is ironic that 'A Current Affair,' whose illegal and intrusive methods have demonstrated very low integrity...should react with such hostility when someone sought to investigate them. It is, and has been for some time, my opinion that 'A Current Affair' (and, perhaps separately, the 'Enquirer') undertook to smear the reputation of Stuart

Goldman and to damage him in every way possible."

I

EVERYBODY SAID I'D

beaten them. I tried to feel good, but somehow I couldn't pull it off. For two years I sat around feeling sorry for myself. But in July 1993, something odd happened: the Menendez trial. Bob Rand, an old cohort from *Hard Copy* who was working on the case, hired me to do some investigative work. I took the gig. Oddly, I noticed that I was enjoying myself. Then it hit me: I'd been inside the tabloids once...why not do it again?

I came up with some new pseudonyms, made the requisite phone calls, and—just like that—I was back inside. This time, however, I was looking for incriminating evidence of the big-ticket items—things that would catch the eye of some pointy-headed little prosecutor.

It wasn't long before Gunderson and I would uncover a scheme in which a certain tabloid reporter was defrauding a privately-owned phone company in California. The specific crime involved hacking into pay phones and changing their internal codes, allowing the caller to make free phone calls all over the world.

Following a meeting with Pacific Coin Phone, Gunderson and I turned over a fat file containing all the illegally accessed numbers (as well as the phone bills of the perpetrator) to Detective James Black of the LAPD bunco-forgery unit.

Next, I got confirmation of another crime: use of prostitutes by tabloid producers to procure information and to leak disinformation (as well as for their own pleasure). One of my sources was none other than Heidi Fleiss, who I had interviewed just weeks prior to her arrest. Fleiss confirmed that particular tabloid producers

did indeed use the services of her girls. Additionally, she related an incident in which her arch nemesis, Madame Alex, had sent hookers to one TV tabloid show in order to do negative story on Fleiss, which, according to Fleiss, was not true.

"You mean they sent the girls over there to leak false information?" I asked.

"First to have sex with the man," Fleiss said. "That's no big deal. There's nothing wrong with that. But it's wrong when the purpose is to do some [false] story on me!"

Maybe it was no big deal to Hollywood's top madam, but I figured others would be interested in that little sound bite. After all, I know I was.

To top it all off, Bob Young, a 20-year Fox veteran who'd defected to *Inside Edition*, confirmed what I'd long since suspected but had been unable to prove: "You were set up all right," he said. "People were talking about [your arrest] hours before it went down."

Shortly after that call, Gunderson and I made a trip to the Wilshire Boulevard offices of the FBI. There, Gunderson introduced me to two agents. I briefed them on the investigation I was conducting, and they told me that they'd be very interested in seeing the results when it was complete.

In the meantime, I had some unfinished business to take care of. On September 8, 1994, Michael Adelson filed a motion to terminate and dismiss my case, and before I knew it I was back in court. Then, on October 17—three years, four months, and nine days after he had originally pronounced sentence against me—Superior Court Judge Richard Neidorf uttered the words I had been waiting to hear: "Case dismissed."

Even then, Fox was still doing their damndest to see that their little smear campaign would have a permanent effect. "Fox has asked the court that you to be left with a felony on your record," my attorney informed me.

Unfortunately for Fox, the judge rejected their suggestion,

reducing the remaining charges against me to misdemeanors before allowing me to withdraw my original *no lo contendre* plea. Following that, the entire case was terminated and dismissed, and all charges were expunged from the record.

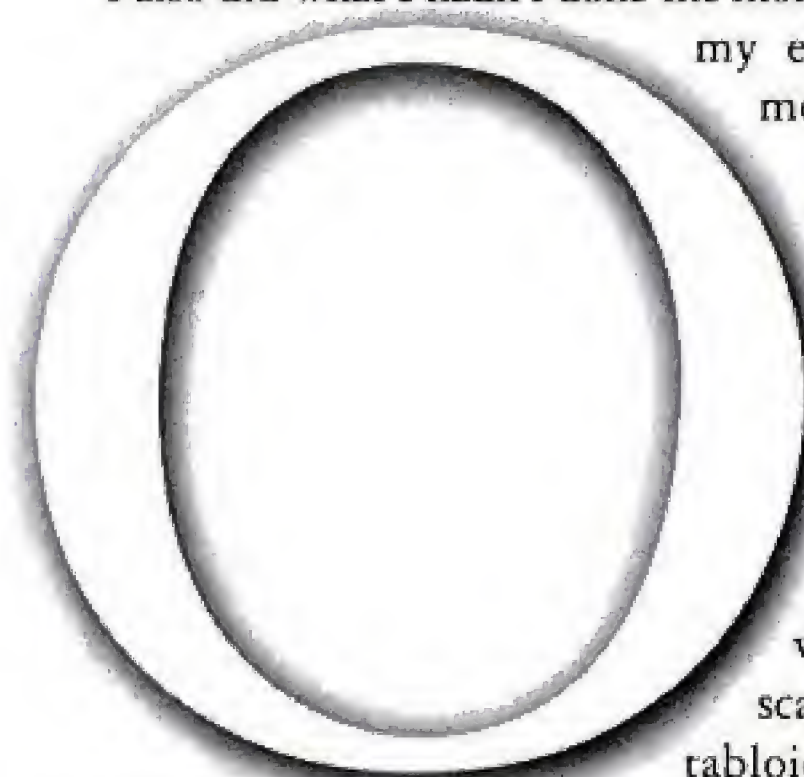
The nightmare was over. Re-energized, I dove right back into my investigation. With each passing day, my file on the tabloids continued to grow. I



Heidi Fleiss confirmed that several tabloid producers had used the services of her girls.

maintained two copies of all documents and records, and I kept a complete time-dated log of every phone call. I stashed my audio tapes—over 75 of them—in a safe-deposit box under a relative's name.

I also did what I hadn't done the first time around: I kept my ears open and my mouth shut. Sort of.



ONE OF THE more enlightening conversations I had was with Krista Radford, a former *A Current Affair* producer who'd written a scathing piece on the tabloids in *Rolling Stone*.

Her article included the examples of two individuals (one of whom was a mentally disturbed woman) who committed suicide after *A Current Affair* aired stories on them.

"I still can't sleep at night thinking about those people," Bradford told me.

When I let her in on the investigation I was conducting, she blanched. "If I were you, I'd be very careful," she said. "It's a pretty frightening thing to be taking on Rupert Murdoch's organization."

How well I knew that.

I continued to gather information, just as before. Then, one day, a little voice went off in my head. It said: *enough*. It was time to end this thing.

I picked up the phone and placed a call to my attorney. I ran down a complete laundry list of the evidence I'd accumulated, which now occupied 14 legal-size boxes. My attorney told me to get the stuff out of my house immediately. He suggested that I bring everything to his office, where it would be "protected." This, of course, was part of my added insurance against further reprisals from the tabloids.

I hung up the phone and began packing boxes into my car. But somehow I could tell it wasn't quite over. I knew I was going to be tested one more time.

On June 12, the unlisted phone by my bed rang. It was 4:00 A.M. The caller was a man reputed to be at the darkest heart of the information underground.

"Got somethin' for ya," he rasped.

Not surprisingly, I was in a bad mood. "Do you know what time it is?"

No answer.

"How much do you think," he teased, "the autopsy pho-

tos of Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman would be worth?"

I felt a tickle at the bottom of my spine.

"Are they the real thing?"

"Hot off the coroner's table, bubba."

"What's the gore factor?"

"Well, let's just say that guy Goldman looks like a piece of raw hamburger..."

My mind whirled. Naturally this would be a big-ticket item. I started thinking of who I'd call first.

Then something weird happened. I was overcome with this strange feeling. At first I didn't know what it was—and then I recognized it. It was called *guilt*.

In a split second, the last five years flashed across my skull. Here's what I saw: I had started out as an investigative reporter, but, in the end, I'd gotten down in the muck with the rest of the greedheads and the lowlifes. I was never a computer hacker, but I'd become something much worse: a snitch. And I didn't want to be one anymore.

"You know what?" I said. "I think I'm gonna have to pass on this one."

A T FIRST, THE GUY was a little ticked off. He had already burned his bridges with the tabs, he explained, and he needed someone to middle-man the deal. Right. Fine. And, somewhere in the past, I might have looked on this offer as manna from heaven. But not anymore.

That was over.

"Do you realize what you're turning down!?" he spat. Now I could almost feel the heat coming through the phone.

"Yeah, I do."

There was a long silence.

"Hey, man," he said after what seemed like minutes. "You do what you gotta do. But you know what? You're one dumb schmuck."

"I'm sure you're right."

Outside, I heard the sound of the *L.A. Times* going *ker-plunk* in my driveway.

"Later," the caller said.

The line clicked dead.

The clock said 4:20. I knew that I wasn't going back to sleep anytime soon.

I got up and put on a fresh pot of coffee. Then I headed outside to get the morning paper. ☾

THE INDUSTRY EXTRA!

When the late director John Cassavettes decided to make *Faces*, he put his house up to get it done. *That* is independent filmmaking. As opposed to Quentin Tarantino, who—as producer of the Robert Rodriguez-directed vampire flick *From Dusk Till Dawn*—gets an \$18 million budget from Disney-owned Miramax, succeeds in busting the “bread on the table” IATSE craftspeople union, and actually believes he’s making an independent statement.

Truth is, the self-styled revolutionary auteur is not only sucking up to the cheapest studio in town (Disney), he’s also, as producer Sandy King puts it, “becoming part of the corrosive influence of the right-wing agenda that our industry need be protected from.”

Or, as actor Seymour Cassell (the undisputed king of the independents) states of the “genius” and his anti-union activities: “Cassavettes and Rossellini grew from their accomplishments. They were proud of what they did. They believed in themselves. Tarantino doesn’t believe in himself, he believes in money.”

Unfortunately, he’s not alone in his thinking. Tarantino’s producer/partner Lawrence Bender was so infuriated by the union organization of his travesty *White Man’s Burden* that he actually refused to foot the bill for a wrap party for cast and crew. While he’d better pray that this, as one industry executive described it, “uninteresting insult” of a film doesn’t hit a domestic screen, *Burden* star John Travolta at least had the dignity to go out of pocket for a party staged at his home-away-from-home Scientology Celebrity Centre—where he proved on the dance floor that he may be the comeback kid, but he’s still a dancing fool.

For whatever self-centered reasons, Tarantino is denying *Dusk*’s below-the-line workers even a taste of his benefits, let alone his acting and producing bounty. To top it off, he tossed an ex-paramour about a hundred grand to direct a documentary on “the making of” his film and the attendant union squabbling. The working title for this filmic field trip is—what else—*Independence and Unity*. Except that, because union workers refuse to face the documentary cameras, what we’re likely to see when all the wasted, tainted film is processed is, at best, a mouse-eared electronic press kit.

Bad

When Tarantino pal Bruce Willis publicly blamed the unions for many of the industry’s ills (after taking \$8 million to die even harder), an IATSE member pissed in his car. What will Tarantino find in his Christmas stocking? Not coal; union members aren’t miners—they’re *crafty*.

Meanwhile, over at Turner Pictures, Dawn Steel has found the perfect studio to perpetrate her peculiar brand of feminism. Steel, who false-started a career by attempting to rip off the Gucci trademark—marketing toilet paper embossed with the copyrighted logo and getting

sued for it—first cut her feminist teeth flogging something called the “Penis Plant” for *Penthouse*. Even cheesier is her claim to Hollywood fame: producing *Flashdance*.

At Columbia, as the first female studio head, what did she really accomplish besides stopping up the toilet with leftover Gucci wipes? *Ghostbusters II* was released, but did she produce or develop it? Nope. Think about it: She came in at a time when there were great projects already in the works that she could take credit for. If half the production value that went into Steel’s publicity made it to the screen, she may have found a hit of her own.

Then Steel slid into Disney with a production deal that first foisted the brainless *Cool Runnings*, a/k/a “Uncle Tom’s Bobsled.” When she jetted to Jamaica to scout locations for the film, the Beverly Hills babe was so appalled by the filth she found in a shanty town that she had a bleached and sanitized village of her own constructed—not unlike the sugar shack Spielberg built for the happy “colored people” he had researched for *The Color Purple*.



then gets her hands on a sweet little story called “A Brief Moment in the Life of Angus Bethune” (released as *Angus*). An excellent, mildly controversial script is turned out about a 15-year-old fat kid with a gay father, a truck-driving mother, and a skirt-chasing grandfather, with Larry Drake, Kathy Bates, and George C. Scott attached.

So what happens? The cold-as-steel Dawn runs roughshod over the project, inflicting her lack of taste on everything from the costume fitting to the final edit. In short, the much-chagrined view from the crew saw her slowing down

production by making nonsense orders about camera placement and other details better left to those with a working knowledge of filmmaking.

And in a final, crippling blow to the dignity of the film, Steel, a self-styled gay-rights activist, had the story’s gay character edited out entirely because, at a test screening in conservative Orange County, some jerk yelled “fag” at the screen. She and director Patrick Read Johnson went head-to-head over the re-editing, with Johnson threatening to remove his

Publicity

While Steel’s claims of cinema knowledge are overblown—one filmmaker hastens to remark: “She doesn’t even know what a camera is, yet she always wanted to be known as the woman who could go down on the set and make things happen...just because she had boinked Martin Scorsese didn’t mean she knew anything about making movies”—her reputation as a “screamer” apparently isn’t.

At Turner, first she misfires with the development of a “pig picture” called *Hamlet* that *Babe* thankfully submarined,

name from the film if Steel got her way. She did, and Larry Drake’s character is nowhere to be found.

Steel capped her performance by adding a slew of fart jokes and other juvenalia to a project she had already gutted. How can a woman like that be given anything *close* to the final edit of a film when she can’t even cut her own hair prop-



erly? Hell hath no fury like a woman poorly shorn.

At an industry screening of Robert Rodriguez's film *Desperado*, the audience cheered when Tarantino-the-actor's character got his head blown off. So what will the general moviegoing public think of him? Tarantino is not simply a victim of the "too much too soon" syndrome; he's the instigator of his own fall from favorable perception. And Steel, who should've taken a backseat to her own publicity parade, chose to Grand Marshal it instead—and is now being rained on.

Tarantino may quickly become the next David Lynch. Steel is all wet and rusting. Could a publicist help their images? Maybe, but don't look to former SPY nemesis Michael Levine, formerly of Levine/Schneider Public Relations, for help. Can we all take a moment of silence to acknowledge the passing of the flack who, in his day, shoveled more fertilizer than you can cram into a purloined Ryder truck?

If blood is an excuse, then Levine is heavily clotted with apologies. His father is Arthur Levine, who hawks celebrities for radio interviews through a newsletter, and his stepmother is columnist Marilyn Beck. Marie Osmond was the maid of honor at his second marriage—to USA Cable's *Hollywood Insider* hostess Shawn Southwick—and Charlton Heston acted as toastmaster.

Devoted readers of this magazine will no doubt remember this character from a series of NAKED CITY pieces called "Michael Levine's World and Welcome to It," which attempted to interview every one of Levine's clients. For more than a decade, Levine had it all—boasting a stable of 80-plus clients, including Lou Ferrigno (The Incredible Hulk), Air Supply, Paul Anka, Melissa Manchester...are you getting the picture? As in, "Where are they now?"

Levine handled Valerie Harper when she sued NBC; he perpetuated the hype over Michael Jackson's so-called youth-preserving hyperbaric chamber; he inspired the insuring of Mary Hart's legs with Lloyd's of London for \$2 million; and he sold Heston to *Saturday Night Live*. So where is *he* now? For a man whose specialty was "crisis PR" (read: damage control), it's gonna take a modern-day miracle to resurrect him. And when God does

Angus lost its gay
character because
some jerk yelled
"fag" during a
test screening.



come calling, Levine seems blind to the opportunity. Recently, he says, he turned down an offer from Timothy McVeigh's lawyer to handle McVeigh's "world-class public relations problem." What—too busy with the Unabomber account?

So who exactly does Levine represent these days? The roster of the ridiculous includes channeler to the stars J. Z. Knight (the one who brought the spirit "Ramtha" to Shirley MacLaine for top dollar); cult leader John-Roger, who's suckered everyone from Sally Kirkland to Arianna Huffington (also a Levine client) with his "aura balancing" and "individual soul progression"; Randy Thomas, the pain-in-the-

ass voice behind the Academy Awards and Hooked on Phonics; Hal "They Just Canceled My Show Again" Linden; and, of course, Charlton Heston.

Not exactly a stellar lineup, so why bother even mentioning Levine? Two reasons: because he's a perfect argument against the overused and silly maxim "there's no such thing as bad publicity"; and because, in a last gasp of power/pathos, Levine phoned the offices of SPY, demanding to know whether the rumors were true that a "disparaging" article about him was imminent. Trying to wheedle information out of puzzled staffers wondering who the hell he was, Levine followed up his plea for dignity and fairness ("I've always considered myself a decent man") with a missive from libel-lawyer-to-the-stars Barry Langberg ("I am hopeful that common decency and a desire to print the truth will allow you to take the time to thoroughly investigate this proposed article").

What a perfect Hollywood lesson: Misguided former mega-publicist digs his own grave by trying to control his own (perceived) publicity. Sorry, Michael, but the truth is SPY didn't really think you were important enough to include in this column until your silly objections forced us to change our minds.

Moral of the story? Like Quentin and Dawn, Levine can't stop his own sense of self-importance from dragging his career down—providing us with the comforting knowledge that, sometimes, even the Hollywood high and mighty get what they deserve.

And who ever said we believed in common decency?

—C. C. Baxter

PAMPERED. PRIVILEGED.
SPOILED ROTTEN.

Is this a great place to work out,
or what?



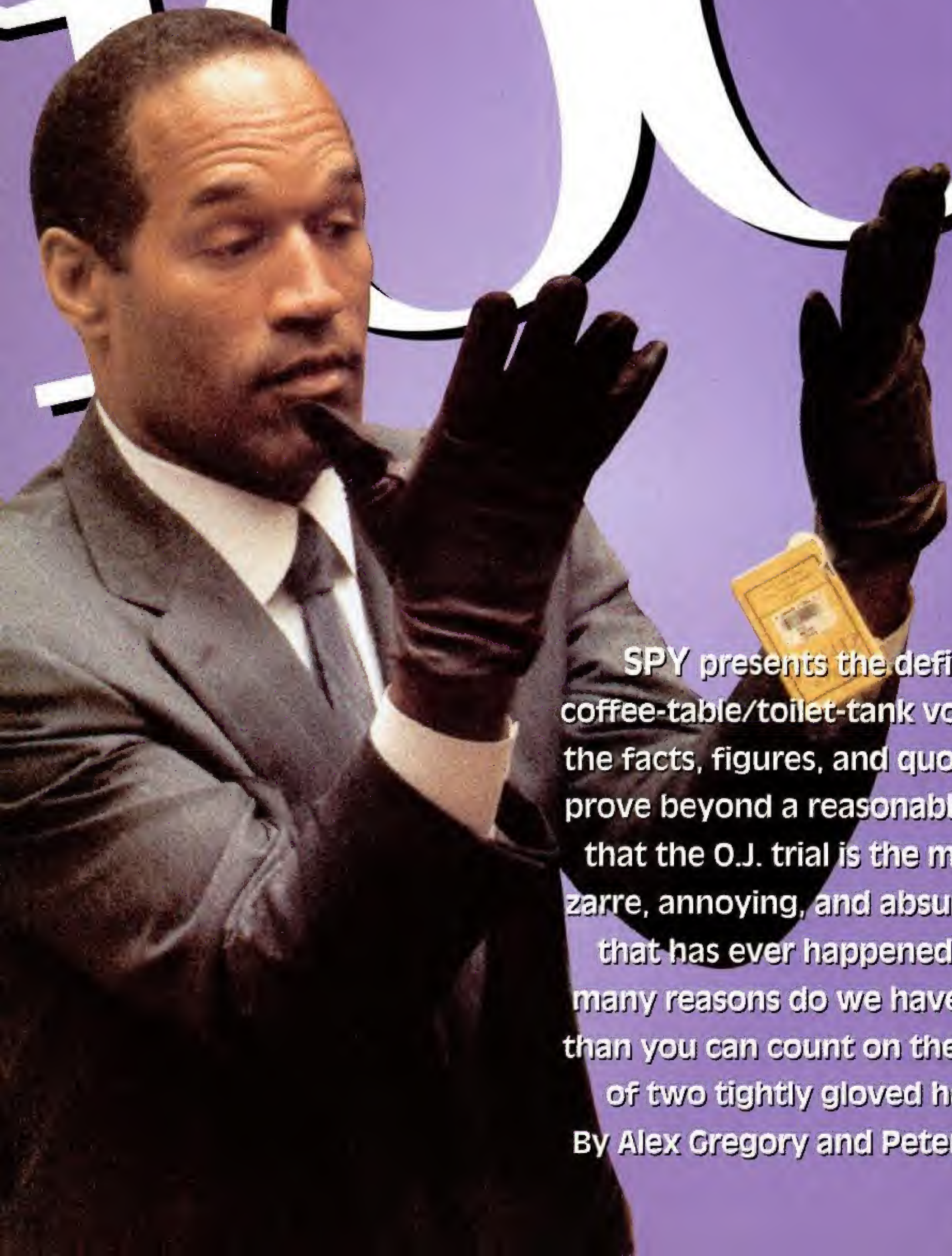
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Reasons Why the O.J. Trial is the Most Absurd Event in the History of the World



SPY presents the definitive coffee-table/toilet-tank volume of the facts, figures, and quotes that prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the O.J. trial is the most bizarre, annoying, and absurd thing that has ever happened. How many reasons do we have? More than you can count on the fingers of two tightly gloved hands.

By Alex Gregory and Peter Huyck

O.J. Trial is the Most History of America

1 : H E ' S G U I L T Y !

HERE'S WHY His Own Words:

2. A prison guard who watched O.J. talking to minister Rosey Grier behind a non-soundproof-glass partition signed an affidavit swearing that he heard O.J. shout, "I did it!"

3. Juditha Brown overheard O.J. moaning "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," over Nicole's casket.

4. Police allegedly recorded the cellular calls O.J. made from his Bronco using a scanner. In one segment—after O.J.'s mother told him he could plead temporary insanity—rather than deny he killed her, O.J. said, "It was all her fault, Mom."

5. O.J. once told Nicole, "If I can't have you, no one else can."

6. Prosecutor Christopher Darden claims O.J. turned to Ron Fishman the night of the murders and said of Nicole: "I'm going to get her. I'm going to teach her a lesson."

7. According to Nicole's housekeeper, Elvia, O.J. said to Nicole, "Someday, bitch, I'm going to kill you."

His Lawyer's Words:

8. Shortly after the murders, Alan Dershowitz told an interviewer that O.J. might consider pleading insanity.

The Evidence:

9. Ron Goldman's boots were covered with blood, which DNA testing revealed to be a mixture of his and O.J.'s.

10. O.J.'s blood matches five drops on the walkway outside Nicole's condo leading away from the crime scene.

11. Blood samples found in the Bronco match Ron and Nicole's and O.J.'s.

12. Drops of O.J.'s blood were found in a trail leading up his driveway and into his foyer.

13. The blood on a sock in O.J.'s bedroom matched both O.J. and Nicole.

14. Blood was found in shower and sink of O.J.'s bathroom.

15. More than a dozen DNA tests link O.J. to the crime scene.

16. Fibers found on the knit cap left at the crime scene

and the bloody glove behind O.J.'s house were unique to the 1993 and 1994 Ford Bronco. O.J.'s was a 1994.

17. Hairs in the cap "exhibit the same microscopic characteristics" as those contained in a



The professional actor tries on the gloves.



T H E T R I A L

154. 6/13/94 Police notice cuts on O.J.'s hands. Shapiro later describe them as "paper cuts."

155. 6/17/94 DA Gil Garcetti refuses to blame the LAPD for O.J.'s escape: "How many members of the media have been surrounding Mr. Simpson's house and he was able to get away somehow?"

156. 6/18/94 Defense attorney Johnnie Cochran on whether he will take the case: "I just think the way I feel about him would preclude me from giving him the best representation possible."

157. As A.C. Cowlings is released on \$250,000 bail, he pushes past reporters, cursing and snarling "Don't you have no respect?"

158. 6/19/94 Shapiro on O.J.'s state: "[He] started to cry, and said, 'I wish I could spend Father's Day with my children.'"

159. Shapiro added that he had delivered a "special message" from the Reverend Billy Graham to O.J.

160. 6/23/94 The U.S. Senate begins its day with a prayer for O.J. from Rev. Richard Halverson.

161. "We pray for O.J....Whether he is innocent or guilty rests with our system of justice. But our hearts go out to him in his profound loss."

162. Halverson never prays for or even mentions either victim.

163. 6/24/94 The grand jury is dismissed because members may have been tainted by broadcasts of Nicole's 911 calls, freeing O.J. from indictment.

164. 6/27/94 A courthouse camera mike inadvertently picks up O.J.'s comment to a bailiff: "I'll do anything to stay out of that cell."

165. 6/29/94 O.J. is moved to a new cell, so that he and cellblock neighbor Erik Menendez will not be able to overhear each other's conversations.

166. 6/30/94 Shapiro resists the prosecution re-

reference sample taken from O.J.'s head.

18. The large number of hairs inside the cap suggests that O.J. had worn it.

19. A hair closely resembling O.J.'s was found on Goldman's shirt.

20. A 12-inch hair with the same characteristics as those of Nicole Simpson was found on the bloody glove discovered at O.J.'s estate.

21. Similar dark bluish-brown fibers theorized to have come from the killer's clothing were found on Goldman's shirt, O.J.'s socks, and the bloody glove.

22. Kato testified that O.J. was wearing a dark sweatsuit just a few hours before the murders.

23. Prints left at the murders scene were created by someone wearing expensive,

size 12, Bruno Magli shoes.

24. O.J. wears size 12 shoes.

Why the Blood Evidence Was Not Tampered With:

25. Splatter on O.J.'s socks showed more than two dozen blood drops.

26. None of the splatters soaked through from one side of the socks to the other, suggesting that they were being worn

T H E T R I A L . . .

quest for 40-100 of O.J.'s hairs for comparison to those found on the knit hat at the crime scene, and offers only one hair.

167. A man walks into court wearing one of the special badges that identifies him as a member of the defense team, claiming to be "a good friend of O.J.'s and Shapiro's"

168. Shapiro told deputies, "I've never seen him in my life," and they hustled the man out.

169. Kardashian and Leroy "Skip" Taft, O.J.'s business attorney, are so mobbed by reporters that they run for a bus to go to a restaurant for lunch.

170. The two lawyers hitched a ride in a squad car to return.

171. 7/1/94 Steven Schwab, who found Kato the Akita with bloody paws, testified that he knew exactly when he had gone for the walk because he timed it to be between *The Dick Van Dyke Show* and *Mary Tyler Moore*.

172. 7/5/94 Defense atty Uelmen questions Det. Mark Fuhrman's ability to recognize the blood on O.J.'s Bronco, asking whether dried blood "look[s] different than dried taco sauce?"

173. Fuhrman retorts: "I don't take too much note of dried taco sauce, so I couldn't really say."

174. 7/6/94 Shapiro contests Det. Vannatter's claim that police became concerned when nobody answered the door at O.J.'s house, because they had been told he had a live-in maid: "Does a full-time, live-in maid to you mean 7 days a week, 24 hours a day?"

175. Vannatter snorts at the wealthy attorney: "I don't know, sir. I've never had a maid."

176. 7/7/94 When Marcia Clark objects to Shapiro's questioning of Vannatter about his alleged mishandling of O.J.'s Bronco, he retorts, "I haven't even finished. It gets better."

177. 7/8/94 Shapiro asks Judge Kathleen Kennedy-Powell to throw out the case because the prosecution theory "just doesn't stand up to logic."

178. 7/9/94 Shapiro on O.J.'s spending his 47th birthday in jail: "He's in tears. It's a horrible day. We're trying to have some pleasant conversation, but it's difficult."

179. 7/12/94 Shapiro on the defense's motions: "We are not going to file anything frivolous."

180. 7/15/94 Kardashian on hiding O.J.'s garment bag rather than giving it to police: "I never opened it....My fault is that I'm a gentleman and I carried the bag. [The LAPD] said, 'You can't go in' so I wasn't going to let it sit on the driveway."

181. Cowlings's lawyer Donald Re says that instead of arresting his client, police should have hailed A.C. as a hero: "If he had not intervened, O.J. Simpson would be dead."



"Me first!" "No, me first!" Attorneys get in line to debate another crucial micropoint.

182 7/18/94 Cochran on strategy: "As much as I don't want to see race brought into this case....It could be a very powerful issue....I think you'll see the defense really seek to exploit it."

183. 7/22/94 After pleading "absolutely 100% not guilty" at his second arraignment, O.J. gives a jaunty thumbs-up sign to spectators as he leaves the court.

184. 7/25/94 When Ito's remark that the battle over DNA presents a "Yossarian situation" is met with blank stares from the lawyers, he explains, "You know, 'Catch-22.'"

185. 7/29/94 The DA's office postpones the case against Cowlings. Cowlings, lawyer crows, "A.C. is in good spirits. A.C. realizes he has done nothing wrong."

186. 8/6/94 Police reveal they have a receipt from a Burbank costume shop where O.J. bought a wig and fake mustache a month before the murders.

187. 8/8/94 California's state election officer asks Ito to recess the trial on Nov. 7 & 8 so the televised proceedings won't keep the voters from the polls.

188. 8/9/94 Shapiro says with a straight face that no defense attorney has discussed evidence of the case with any reporter, despite the fact that numerous press accounts are attributed to defense lawyers.

189. 8/11/94 O.J. undergoes surgery to remove swollen lymph nodes from his armpits.

190. Shapiro on O.J.'s condition: "He's very, very nervous. He hasn't seen his kids, and now there are

these medical tests looming. That's bothering him."

191. 8/19/94 Fox TV complies with a defense request to postpone airing its docudrama, *The O.J. Simpson Story*, until after jury selection. Slithery shyster Shapiro had pleaded with Fox to postpone appealing to the network's "common sense and principles of fair play."

192. 8/22/94 Fuhrman issues a declaration in which he denies ever making derogatory remarks about "any particular ethnic class."

193. 8/23/94 Ito threatens to sanction defense attorney Peter Neufeld for asking questions that Ito has already deemed irrelevant 12 times

194. 8/24/94 The defense announces that it is pulling the plug on its toll-free tip line which offered a \$500,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the "real killer or killers."

195. Shapiro admits that after receiving over 250,000 calls in a few days, "it's worn off some."

196. 8/29/94 Fuhrman attorney Rob Tourtelot: "The only people calling

Mark Fuhrman a racist are the attorneys for the defense. We're going to fight back. By the end of the trial in this case, the entire world will know that Mark Fuhrman is not a racist."

197. 8/30/94 LAPD Spokesman David Gascon on Fuhrman: "He enjoys the full respect, support and admiration of the chief of police and the management staff of the [LAPD]."

198. 8/31/94 Shapiro apologizes to Hodgman for muttering "bullshit" while Hodgman was talking.

199. 9/1/94 The results of a prosecution focus group are revealed: the words used most to describe Clark: "pushy" and "aggressive"; to describe Shapiro: "smooth," "sharp," and "chutzpah."

200. 9/16/94 Cochran announces: "The majority view on the defense team is that Simpson should testify. He added that O.J., too, "wants to testify."

201. 9/22/94 Johnnie Cochran on sequestration: "Who...would like to spend six months away from their families, locked up with eleven other strangers? Retired people who don't like their families."

202. 9/24/94 Cochran calls *Newsweek's* reporting of O.J.'s wife abuse offensive to the family of the man who "has led an exemplary life."

203. Cochran predicts that ultimately media coverage will have a net positive effect on the administration of justice in general: "When this trial is over, I expect people to have a better idea of what lawyers can do; it upgrades the profession."

THE PROSECUTERS

MARCIA, MARCIA, MARCIA!

- 551. Dreamed of being a modern dancer.
- 552. Known around the DA's office as "Marcia Mini" for her daringly short skirts.
- 553. Her first husband, Gaby Horowitz, was a high-stakes backgammon hustler who cheated Lucille Ball and John Wayne.
- 554. Gaby was eventually shot in the head accidentally by his best friend; he is now brain-damaged and wheelchair-bound.
- 555. Gaby allegedly beat Clark repeatedly.
- 556. Marcia had divorced Gaby a year after he paid her way through law school.
- 557. Four months before her divorce became final, she married Gordon Clark, a high priest in the Church of Scientology.
- 558. Filed for divorce from Gordon Clark three days before the murders.
- 559. Went on a \$1,500 pre-trial shopping spree.
- 560. Refused to autograph a copy of O.J.'s "I Want to Tell You."
- 561. Stopped by security trying to take a loaded handgun on a flight to Arizona.
- 562. Clark's estranged husband, Gordon, filed papers saying that Marcia misled Ito about her scheduled night to pick the boys up for the weekend.
- 563. Clark added that Marcia "told me not to pick up the kids that evening. Instead, she said she wanted to drop them off at my place around 7:30 p.m. She dropped them off around 8:45 p.m."
- 564. Clark contended that his children suffered because Marcia's work schedule in the trial leaves her with little time for the boys.
- 565. The *Enquirer* printed topless pictures of her.
- 566. Called Cochran "Mr. Corkhead" in court, then claimed it was a slip of the tongue.
- 567. Joked to her fellow prosecutors: "Chris and I should create our own diversionary tactics for the jury—Chris will come over and begin to strangle me, and then I'll fall to the floor...."

CHRISTOPHER DARDEN

- 568. Darden's superiors in the DA's office were outraged when he allowed himself to be interviewed by Geraldo Rivera on Feb. 22.
- 569. Darden insisted that he did not know the interview was being broadcast.
- 570. On the fact that he still teaches: "I have to, I



Clark and Darden in a little sidebar action.

get paid so little here."

- 571. After calling a student by her maiden name, Horowitz, instead of her married name, Shapiro, he quipped: "I guess it's that I just don't want Shapiro following me wherever I go."
- 572. On people who call him an Uncle Tom: "Where the hell were these people when the LAPD was villifying me, calling me 'too black' and 'too militant?'"
- 573. The New York Post called him "Mister Prosecutie."
- 574. During one sidebar, he complained that Cochran had stepped on his Salvatore Ferragamo shoes and should be required to buy him another.
- 575. During another sidebar, Darden told Ito, "I'm not criticizing you, Judge. You're my bud."

when the blood hit them.

27. The drops containing Nicole's blood were found around the ankle areas, suggesting it was splashed on the socks at the crime scene.

28. The stains containing O.J.'s blood were found higher on the leg and on the toe of one sock, suggesting he stained one sock when he returned home and pulled them off.

29. The stains also included a number of microscopically small flakes and spots too tiny to have been produced by tampering.

30. Witnesses testified they had not originally noticed the stains—not because they weren't there until the LAPD planted them—but more likely

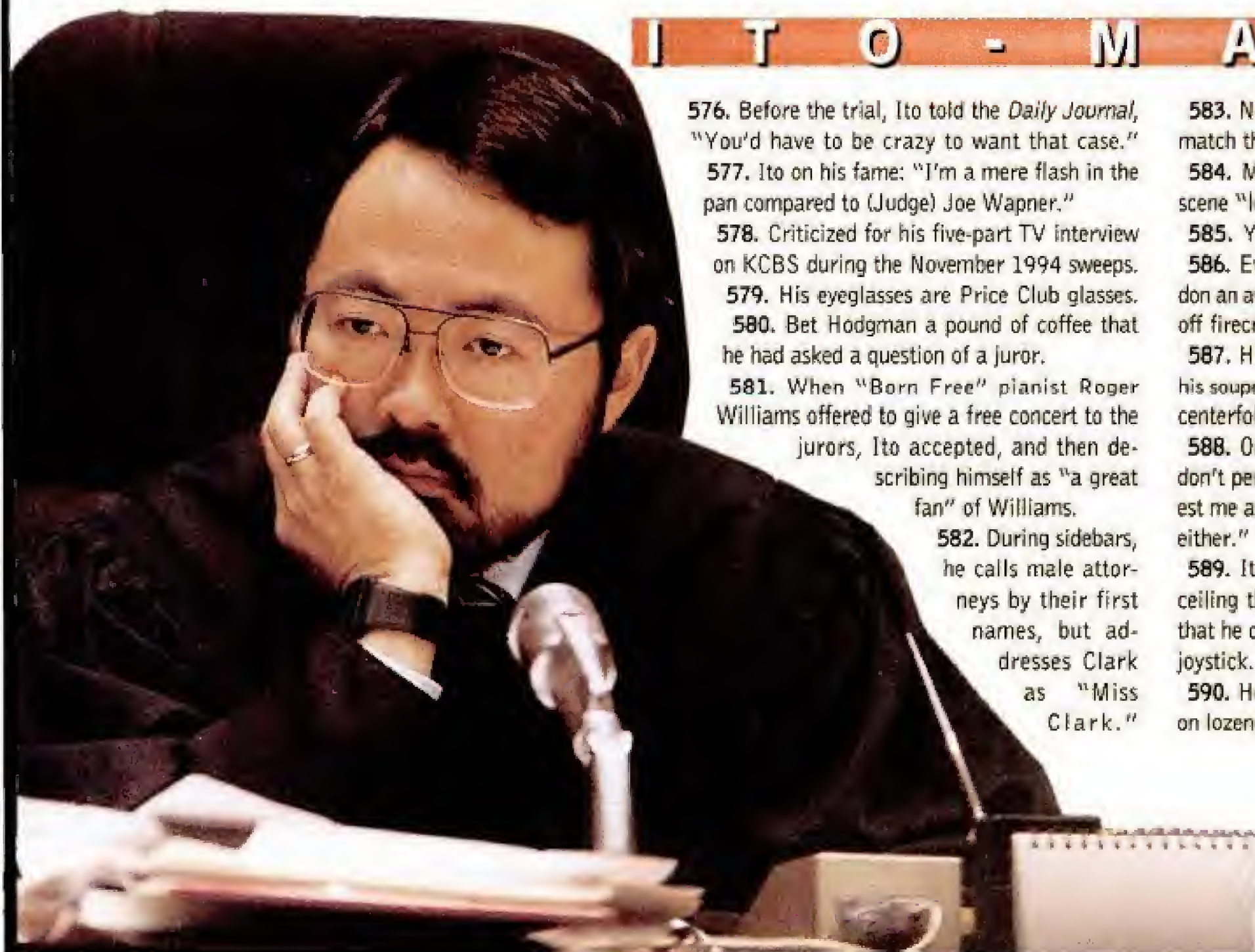
because the socks are black and it is nearly impossible to see the stains with the naked eye.

31. Some DNA samples from the crime scene, glove, socks, and O.J.'s estate were degraded while others were easily typed, suggesting they had been subjected to different degrees of exposure to the elements.

32. If the drops had been tampered with in the lab, they would have degraded at the same rate.

33. The blood was not just examined by

I T O - M A N I A



- 576. Before the trial, Ito told the *Daily Journal*, "You'd have to be crazy to want that case."
- 577. Ito on his fame: "I'm a mere flash in the pan compared to (Judge) Joe Wapner."
- 578. Criticized for his five-part TV interview on KCBS during the November 1994 sweeps.
- 579. His eyeglasses are Price Club glasses.
- 580. Bet Hodgman a pound of coffee that he had asked a question of a juror.
- 581. When "Born Free" pianist Roger Williams offered to give a free concert to the jurors, Ito accepted, and then describing himself as "a great fan" of Williams.
- 582. During sidebars, he calls male attorneys by their first names, but addresses Clark as "Miss Clark."

583. Neighbors have been painting their houses to match the Itos' color scheme.

584. Met his wife, Margret York, at a homicide scene "looking over a dead body."

585. York was a model for *Cagney and Lacey*.

586. Every Pearl Harbor Day at UCLA, Ito would don an aviator's cap and run through the halls, setting off firecrackers and yelling about the "round eyes."

587. His other two claims to fame in college were his souped-up Mustang and his collection of *Playboy* centerfolds.

588. On another occasion, a witness told Ito, "I don't personally listen to this case. It doesn't interest me at all." To that, Ito said, "Good for you. Me either."

589. Ito has a television camera mounted on the ceiling that is hidden by a dark plastic bubble and that he constantly used to scan the courtroom with a joystick.

590. He looks for reporters chewing gum, sucking on lozenges, or inappropriately craning their necks.

T H E D R E A M T E A M

591.1 Their total fees amounted to \$56,000 a week.
592. Cochran and Shapiro often enter court laughing as if they have just heard a joke.

593. OJ on the Dream Team's public feuding: "Whose trial is it anyway, mine, or those guys?"

594. One member who wanted to withdraw, referred to two other members as "fucking liars."

595. Brought a drama coach into the jail to teach O.J. the correct body language to impress the jury.

596. To counteract O.J.'s perceived passivity, gave him a note pad and encouraged him to write in it.

597. OJ: "All these witnesses you've put up there are killing me. I can convince the jury I'm innocent."

598. Might have been willing to plead guilty to voluntary manslaughter in exchange for a 4-year prison term, but talks fell apart when the prosecution demanded he serve at least 13 years.

JOHNNIE L. COCHRAN, JR.

599. Has no middle name; the "L" is just an initial.

600. Larry Feldman, who represented the boy who accused Michael Jackson of child molestation, claims that the boy was never called to testify because of Cochran and DA Gil Garcetti's close friendship.

601. Was responsible for orchestrating Jackson's payoff of a child's family to avoid molestation charges.

602. Cochran claims that one of the reasons for his original hesitance to take the case is because he "was worried about what Michael Jackson thought."

603. The Snoop Doggy Dogg murder trial cannot begin until Cochran is finished with O.J., because Cochran is representing Dogg's co-defendant, Shawn Abram.

604. Cochran's law firm has also represented Todd Bridges, Tupac Shakur, and battered truck driver Reginald Denny in his suit against the LAPD.

605. After a client was sentenced to life in prison, Cochran forged a letter claiming falsely that he was the LA County Asst DA and recommended parole.

606. In the early 1980's, the accused wife-beater attorney headed a domestic violence task force when he was a prosecutor in the LA County DA's office.

607. After the indictment, O.J. called Cochran nine times, begging, "I need your help! I need your help!"

608. His minister allegedly held his hands and said, "Lord, help Johnnie Cochran use his skills for your glory!"

609. When an interviewer asked if OJ called Shapiro frequently, Cochran responded: "Yes. But Juice calls me the most."

610. O.J. calls Cochran once or twice a night just to talk. "Juice is lonely,"

Cochran explains.

611. On OJ strategy: "I've got to show a reasonable doubt and embellish on that."

612. On how the jury will perceive OJ: "You're gonna look at this guy and say, 'This guy didn't do it.'"

613. Claimed on the *Today* show that OJ was distressed over a poll that showed the majority of Americans believed he was guilty.

614. Cochran's mistress said that Cochran told her, "Sweetheart...just give me one black person on that jury—that's all I ask, one"

615. On the outcome of whether DNA results point to O.J. or not: "We have a good team assembled that can deal with any set of results. We can cover it both ways."

616. On joining Shapiro: "We agreed to set aside our egos and do what was best for our client."

617. Denzel Washington consulted with Cochran in researching his role in *Philadelphia*.

618. During his Southern University Law School commencement speech: "No lawyer should practice only to make money. If they do, it is impossible to do justice."

619. On the level of his commitment: "The people have more resources than O.J. Simpson. To fight them, you've got to do everything you possibly can—for as long as the money holds out."

620. On his bill for the case: "It's going to be major."

621. At a Bar association conference, got in two digs at Shapiro and Howard Weitzman when giving advice to criminal defense attorneys: "You never sign autographs, and you never let your client talk to police."

622. Accused of beating ex-wife Barbara, yelling, "I'm going to hit you where there won't be any bruises."

623. After learning that a reporter was delving into his past, he called Barbara and said, "Barbara, you will want for nothing, ever, if you'll just deny the allegations. Tell the reporter I was a wonderful guy."

624. Barbara described Cochran's forte as "legal mumbo-jumbo...stuff that had nothing to do with guilt or innocence, but only with the need to create a reasonable doubt in one juror's mind."

625. Once warned his ex-wife: "You better not leave. You're too ugly to even get a date! You'll never find another man like me!"

ROBERT SHAPIRO

626. Erik Menendez to OJ: "Don't ever believe Bob Shapiro is going to get you a deal, because he isn't."

627. Defended F. Lee Bailey on drunk driving charges.

628. Part of his successful strategy in Bailey's case was to prove that the white arresting officer was a racist to appeal to the emotions of three black jurors.

629. Defended Johnny Carson on DUI charges.

630. Defended the man who shot Clark's first husband.

631. So despised by Cochran that he is frequently excluded from crucial strategy meetings.

632. Appeared at Nicole's funeral and tried to prompt her mother to say that she called Mezzaluna for her glasses at 11, ruling out the possibility that OJ did it.

633. Why he sits next to OJ: "That's where the TV cameras are pointed."

634. On cameras in the courtroom: "I'm sick of looking at myself on TV with my bald head!"

635. So tense after court he hired a masseuse to come to his house every day.

636. Shapiro: "The public perception is that a celebrity can get off easier. It's absolutely not true."

637. As amateur boxer: "I pay my sparring partners, so they can't hit me."

638. Attended a costume party dressed as a fighter.

639. Hired lawyer/agent Ed Hookstratten to field book offers and discuss possibilities for his own talk show.

640. Took Christmas vacation in Hawaii while the rest of the defense team were getting ready for the trial.

641. Wore a tiny white Speedo.

642. Stayed in a \$1,000-a-night room, where he checked in under the name "DeMilo."

643. An avid sports fan, he used to be cheered by fans when he attended sporting events.

644. By July '95, he was booed at a Lakers game.

645. At a prizefight in Las Vegas, people chanted, "Guilty, guilty, guilty!" as Shapiro took his seat.

646. Defended Jose Canseco on gun possession charges, claiming that the huge ballplayer had been fearful after numerous obscene phone calls.

647. Kuntzler on Shapiro: "To take on a notorious fixer, a plea bargainer, like Shapiro gives the wrong message. He is entirely the wrong man for O.J. Simpson."

648. On the Dream Team: "Are there disagreements? On almost every issue. But a lot of this is like a jazz group playing together."

649. Claims hiring Cochran was "100% my decision."

650. Has compared his battles with Cochran to arguments between a husband and wife.

651. On calling a homicide a "tragedy" or "horrible human event": "They will be repeated by the media. After a while, the repetition almost becomes a fact. That is the lawyer's ultimate goal."

652. His Zeta Beta Tau frat brothers still call him "Trini" after the folk singer Trini Lopez, who also favored loud suits and big hair.



Robert "Trini" Shapiro, humming "Lemon Tree."



the LAPD, but also by the Cellmark Diagnostics laboratory in Maryland and the California Department of Justice: They all came to the same conclusions.

34. Criminalist Henry Lee stated that investigators erred by putting Goldman's boot into a bag while it was still wet, allowing the blood to smear.

35. He did not explain how O.J.'s blood landed on Goldman's boot.

36. An Aris Isotoner exec testified that the gloves at the crime scene are identical to those O.J. is wearing in a 1991 photo.

37. There were only 200–240 of the gloves sold—all of them at Bloomingdale's in New York City.

38. Bloomingdale's records show that Nicole purchased two pairs of the gloves

in December 1990 — as a Christmas present for O.J.

39. A DNA test confirmed that blood found in O.J.'s Bronco came from Goldman, whom O.J. says he never met.

40. Kato testified that he saw blood in the foyer and driveway of O.J.'s house the morning after the murders.

41. Even if blood samples degenerate, they do not change DNA characteristics.

The Motive:

42. Police uncovered a taped 911 call Nicole made days before the murder to report a prowler spying on her and Ron Goldman. Goldman's voice can be heard in the background describing the prowler and his movements: "It's a black guy, dressed all in black...I can see him mov-

ing around outside. Oh, there he goes, around the corner."

43. Hours before her death Nicole told O.J.: "I don't love you anymore and I don't need you anymore."

44. Kato testified that on the afternoon of the murders, O.J. talked about he and Nicole: "[T]he relationship was over. They were not together any more."

"Domestic Discord":

45. A week before the murders, Nicole told Cici Shahian, Robert Kardashian's cousin: "He's going to kill me and get away with it, and charm the world, because he's O.J. Simpson."

46. She told two other friends, Faye Resnick and Robin Greer, that O.J. was going to kill her.

T H E T R I A L . . .

204. 9/26/94 Ito draws the number of the first prospective juror to be called, 0032—O.J.'s football number.

205. Ito on the luck of the draw: "I don't know if this is an omen."

206. O.J. nods his head slowly in agreement.

207. A rejuvenated O.J. sings a song to himself, and reporters overhear the words, "touch me."

208. 9/27/94 When asked by reporters what song he was singing the day before, O.J. replies that he had been singing "Memory" from *Cats*.

209. O.J. on "Memory": "That song really gets to me because it says 'touch me' and I can't touch my kids."

210. Ito warns prospective jurors not to watch or read anything about the case: "When you see it on TV, switch to *The Simpsons*" After realizing what he said, Ito adds, "The TV show, I mean."

211. 9/28/94 O.J. to reporters: "I've got to watch what I say to you guys. If I say anything, I know I'll read it tomorrow morning."

212. O.J. gives them his bio: "O.J. Simpson, 47, No. 32."

213. O.J. leaves them with, "I hope to see you again under different circumstances."

214. 9/29/94 One prospective juror on her Certs encounter with O.J.: "I turned forward. He was looking right at me. We made eye contact a couple of times. He was gorgeous."

215. 10/5/94 Ito rejects a defense argument that police should have obtained a second warrant to collect the blood samples, because they can reveal private information about the person from whom the blood was drawn.

216. 10/12/94 It is discovered that one 68-year old male prospective juror wrote "hell, yes" when asked if domestic violence was ever justified.

217. Hodgman claims that Cochran has planted a "subliminal message" that a hung jury is desirable in the questions for one prospective juror.

218. 10/14/94 One potential juror was removed from the panel after he repeatedly ignored a bailiff's orders to stop reading a booklet titled "Instant Pain Relief" as he sat in court.

219. 10/19/94 The defense requests that O.J. be freed on bail and the trial postponed a year while the negative publicity from Faye Resnick's book subsides.

220. Shapiro declares that, because of the book, O.J. can no longer receive a fair trial.

221. Cochran to Ito: "This is an unprecedented case that...affords Your Honor a place in history. This is



Touchdown! The Juice scores again in a fair trial.

your opportunity."

222. The defense maintains with a straight face that O.J. is entitled to bail, because he has not shown any tendency to flee.

223. 10/21/94 Ito rescinds his previous day's ruling, which had closed jury questioning on media issues to the press.

224. A transcript of a bizarre incident in which O.J. asks to explain to Judge Ito that he had not been trying to escape in the Bronco is released to the press.

225. O.J.: "I was headed back home."

226. Shapiro: "Mr. Simpson, I am telling you that I will not allow you to speak and I will resign as your lawyer if you continue to do so."

227. O.J.: "Thank you."

228. Ito: "Thank you, sir."

229. One potential juror openly acknowledged his racism, saying he would not be troubled if one ethnic group was "wiped off the planet."

230. 10/20/94 Ito asks three TV shows to postpone

broadcasts of interviews with Faye Resnick. Only Larry King complies.

231. 10/24/94 Cochran on Clark's demand that the jury be sequestered: "I have a place; it's called Neverland. It has all kinds of rides."

232. Cochran on Clark's desire to dismiss the first 80 candidates: "It would be folly for us to start over

and think we're going to be any better. You'll never find a panel that knows less than the panel we have now."

233. 10/25/94 One dismissed juror calls Nicole a "party girl" who may have been killed by someone she had met socially, expresses doubts about other aspects of the prosecution's case, and then insists she can be fair.

234. Shapiro on her dismissal: "My blood is boiling."

235. 10/26/94 Shapiro on O.J.'s condition: "He is very depressed at this case dragging on for six months. Initially, when we talked about a speedy trial, he was hopeful that he would be trick-or-treating with his kids and then having Thanksgiving dinner and then spending Christmas with them."

236. Ito dismisses one juror for waking up to a clock radio, after he had given the orders for a total media blackout by the jury.

237. Another is dismissed for watching a Barbara Stanwyck movie on TV

238. Another is sent home for watching a soap opera on a Spanish-language station.

239. A fourth is sent home for watching cartoons with his grandson.

240. A fifth is canned for overhearing a snippet of a news broadcast about the Massachusetts Senate race from a TV in a bar.

241. Ito says that he is not looking for "hermits" or "Rip Van Winkles."

CALL ME KATO

- 653. Reported to have developed chronic diarrhea due to the stress of the trial.
- 654. Tried to use his celebrity status to score a seat at Cal Ripken's record-breaking game.
- 655. Cuts his own hair.
- 656. Wore buddy Charlie Sheen's jacket on the stand.
- 657. Asked to "step outside" by Tori Spelling's boyfriend at the Viper Room, after he was spotted hanging all over her.
- 658. Named after Bruce Lee's character on *The Green Hornet*.
- 659. Was a singing waiter.
- 660. Proposed to a *Playboy* playmate Brittany McCrena while wearing medieval armor.
- 661. Plays the only person who can vouch for the whereabouts of a wife accused of murdering her husband in a movie.
- 662. Plays a cruel businessman who is murdered by his wife's lover in *The Watcher*.
- 663. Used to deliver pizzas to producers and casting agents who didn't order them with his photo and phone number under the pie.
- 664. Has been married and divorced.
- 665. Has a daughter named Tiffany.
- 666. Between the murder and the trial, he still didn't have an apartment.
- 667. Bunked at friends' houses instead.
- 668. Slated to appear on *Roseanne*, but was cut.
- 669. Since the murders, O.J.'s son Jason has changed the Akita's name from Kato to Satchmo.
- 670. On his fame: "I don't know how someone could sit and go, 'All right, the guy got popular because there was a murder.'...There's been over, what, like, 300 witnesses already."
- 671. Is considering an offer to market a Kato doll, "like a three-foot doll that kids could hug."
- 672. On other products: "I would have at least \$2 million in my pocket with stuff like that."
- 673. White House staffer Donna Shalala asked him for an autographed picture.
- 674. Signed with publicists Lee Solters Co.
- 675. L.A. gofers are now known as "Katos."
- 676. On his destiny: "I knew I had something inside that people had to see."
- 677. Got invited to Larry King's wedding.
- 678. Kato's publicist, attorney, and William Morris agent are known as Kato's Krew.
- 679. "If O.J. hadn't happened he'd be a star anyway," says his agent.
- 680. Did a karaoke video of Tom Jones' "Delilah" showing him stabbing a woman in a jealous rage.
- 681. On his appeal: "My lawyer doesn't know what it is, but whatever it is, we have to bottle it and sell it. I'm me, that's it."
- 682. On a publicity tour: "I was a Beatle. Girls asked me to sign their bedsheets, they came up to my room. They tried to break in."
- 683. His standup routine included jokes like: "Knock knock." Who's there? "Kato." Kato who? "Believe me, in six months, that is my biggest fear."



"Whatever it is, we have to bottle and sell it. I'm me."

- 684. Pauly Shore: "I personally think O.J. did it, but he's going to get off, because he's O.J. Simpson."
- 685. Dick Cavett: "If [O.J.] is acquitted, I will renounce my citizenship."
- 686. Peter Falk to Cochran at an LA restaurant:

"How'd you like to come on my show and outwit me?"

687. Kurt Russell to Oliver Stone the day after Nicole's funeral: "They're saying OJ did it with a shovel. Took her whole face off. Now they found the shovel."

688. Cindy Crawford: "Somebody asked me what I thought of [the trial]. Who cares what a model thinks?"

689. Richard Pryor: "I could have done that. But I don't think I could kill two people and lie about it in the courtroom. I don't have the heart for that."

690. Roger Craig: "I think he was set up. For one thing, he was too much in love with himself to do something like this. He was the type to look in the mirror and say, 'I'm so fine-looking.'"

691. Intro at a dinner for Margaret Thatcher:

"Lady Thatcher would love to hear about the trial."

692. Barbara Davis at the LA Opera's premiere of *Othello*: "The jury should see this!"

693. David Hasselhoff (whose pay-per-view concert was ruined by O.J.'s Bronco chase): "I picked up the producer [in] a white Bronco and a glass of O.J. in my hand. He started to laugh, then tried to kill me."

694. Alec Baldwin: "[Y]ou very seldom see rich and famous people suddenly flip and kill people in New York. You don't see Donald Trump kill somebody."

695. Oliver Stone: "Anybody who's been through a divorce will tell you that at one point in their life they've thought murder."

696. Milton Berle: "The case is in the hands of 12 people who didn't have brains enough to get out of jury duty."

697. Princess Di: "He's going to walk, isn't he?"

698. Mel Gibson: "It's been great for the politicians...because it's taken the heat off them."

699. Bill Clinton: "There's never been anything like it."

700. Tim Robbins: "If the news organizations would give other matter a fraction of the time they've given to the O.J. Simpson case, we would be an incredibly informed, aware society."

701. Samuel L. Jackson on whether race was an issue in the trial: "No. We're just talking about murder here....That's just another defense ploy."

702. Camille Paglia: "Everyone hears [the 911] tape and says, 'How awful, that poor woman.' I don't. I say, 'Listen to Nicole's voice.' You do not hear fear. You hear a woman who is playing a game."

703. LA Dodgers pitcher Hideo Nomo, when asked what he thought of the OJ trial: "I have no idea."

T H E M E D I A

704. Harvard Law Students have been instructed to read *Juice: The O.J. Simpson Tragedy*.

705. CNN's daytime ratings rose more than 700% of its average.

706. Reporters covering the trial will have to pay California taxes on the income they earn in L.A.

707. A writer covered the trial for *Dog World Magazine*.

708. *The Enquirer* showed an orangutan videos of the trial to gauge its reactions to characters.

709. Clark: tried to kiss the screen.

710. Cochran: watched quietly, then hooted and stuck out his tongue.

711. Shapiro: grunted, leaned forward, nodded, and waved.

712. Kato: tried to hand him a banana and grapes.

713. Bailey: instant outrage, bared teeth, threw fruit.

714. Despite Ito's limits on media access, Larry King was able to wander into court.

715. He made it through the doorway to Ito's chambers.

716. He then tried to shake OJ's

hand as he was led into court.

717. He wandered over to the defense and joked with attorneys.

718. He almost walked through the door leading to O.J.'s holding room before wandering back into Ito's chambers.

719. The *NYTimes* calls the *National Enquirer* "required reading" in the OJ case.

720. Cincinnati radio station WLW offered OJ \$1 million to wear a t-shirt in court near the trial's end.

721. Fox's "The O.J. Simpson Story" is the network's highest-rated original movie ever.

722. Joe McGinniss will reportedly receive \$3 million to write a book about the trial.

723. The *NY Times* is forced to share a seat with *La Opinion*.

724. During Nicole's 1993 911 call, OJ yelled in the background: "Hey! I can read this bullshit all week in the *National Enquirer*!"

725. Barbieri and Cowlings each turned down \$1 million offers for tabloid interviews.

726. Kato was reputed to have

turned down a \$250,000 offer.

727. Former Court TV anchor Jack Ford: "[I]t's almost as if a friend is charged with murder."

728. Sources hint that OJ's ICM agent Jack Gilardi is trying to land a pay-per-view entertainment special for OJ contingent on his retirement, that will net OJ upwards of \$10 million—his net worth before the murders.

729. "We're the only...network that is 100% O.J.-free," declares Nick at Nite.

730. OJ won *Advertising Age's* coveted 1994 Cover Story Crown, on the strength of 54 covers.

731. The runner-up, with 21 covers, was Oprah Winfrey.

732. Soap opera fans sent death threats to network executives when their favorite shows were pre-empted by trial coverage.

The *LA Times* called O.J.:

733. "athlete-turned actor,"

734. "the football great,"

735. "the Hall-of-Famer,"

736. "former football star,"

737. "the superstar,"

738. "gridiron great."

242. 10/27/94 At a midmorning meeting of the trial's regular "pool" reporters, Shapiro challenges the reporting ability of three journalists, because they haven't written that prospective black jurors are "being questioned differently" from white jurors by the prosecution.

243. When pressed for evidence of bias, Shapiro doesn't give any, but advises reporters to write about the prosecutors's "body language."

244. When asked by Hodgman whether he knows what a polygraph is, one black jury candidate says: "You're pumping me as if I'm on trial. You're sort of riling me up."

245. 10/28/94 Ito dismisses one juror for watching the *Mickey Mouse Club*.

246. One jury candidate describes The Juice as "a hunk of a fellow."

247. When Clark asks her whether there is anything about the prosecution that bothers her she replies: "I think your skirts are too short. How about that?"

248. 10/31/94 Another offers to serve despite his admission that he once had "a very personal, dynamic experience with the will to commit murder."

249. 11/2/94 Clark admits to prospective jurors that when she looks at O.J., she can't help but think of "the man I saw in *Naked Gun* and made me laugh."

250. 11/3/94 Defense lawyers dismiss a prospective juror who said in her questionnaire that "men should not hit women."

251. Twelve jurors are finally selected, including 8 blacks, 1 white, 2 Latinos and one who is half Native American and half white. (Of the general population, blacks make up only 11%, whites 56%)

252. Six of the jurors have high school educations or less.

253. 11/8/94 Ito assures jurors that he will not sequester them without warning: "We're not just going to kidnap you and take you off to Motel 6."

254. After one prospective juror admits he heard the 911 tapes and thought "something bad" was happening, O.J. turns to his lawyers and

says, "I wasn't beating her."

255. Another prospective juror is dismissed after insisting O.J. is innocent: "Why would he take a life? I haven't bought into it. I won't buy into it."

256. Shapiro complains that O.J. has been losing weight in prison because the food is bad. Describing a sandwich, Shapiro says: "It's got one slice of white bread, one slice of black bread, with one slice of mystery meat inside."

257. Cochran objects to the DA's appointment of Chris Darden to the case, on the grounds that he has been chosen because he is black: "I don't think he should be on this case.... All of a sudden he shows up over here. Why is that, now that we have eight African-Americans [on the jury]?"

258. 11/9/94 Another prospective alternate admits he has heard of DNA, but that it was while watching *Jurassic Park*.

259. Another prospective alternate says he is capable of being fair, despite his admission that he found it hard to believe that O.J. killed his wife, to which Ito

262. 11/15/94 When Cochran reminds one prospective alternate that O.J. is "cloaked in the presumption of innocence," she bursts out laughing.

263. 11/16/94 One eager prospective alternate insists that he can remain impartial despite the fact that his brother had been stabbed to death: "I can deal with it. I have a strong heart." He is dismissed.

264. 11/17/94 One prospective alternate, a 27-year-old Japanese UCLA grad student says, "If Mr. O.J. gets found not guilty, I hope he gets compensated in some way."

265. Hearing the alternate's comment, O.J. smiles, pumps his fist and exclaims, "I wish!"

266. Another prospective alternate, a postal worker who admitted to being a victim of domestic abuse, is asked why she is so eager to serve. She replies: "Any way I can get out of working for the post office, I'd do it."

267. 11/21/94 One prospective alternate is dismissed after he reveals a strong suspicion of the police; he was one of the two firefighters accused of setting the Malibu Blaze of 1993.

268. 11/22/94 Captain Margaret York, judge Ito's wife releases a sworn declaration that she never investigated Mark Fuhrman and remembered only that he was a "productive officer."

269. When another prospective alternate mentions O.J.'s wife beating—"The police have been out there so many times"—O.J. raises his arms in exasperation, leans back in his chair, and rolls his eyes toward the ceiling. Cochran chastises him: "Can't you see how upsetting this is to him?"

270. 11/29/94 Responding to reporters' comments that the victims' families believe O.J. did it, Shapiro haughtily responds, "They're emotion-ally involved, so we forgive them for

prejudging."

271. An outraged Fred Goldman responds: "He had the colossal gall to say he forgave me? Can you believe the level of arrogance?"

272. Defense DNA attorney Peter Neufeld gets into a shouting match with NYS Supreme Court judge Harold Rothwax when he tries to bow out of a local



Shapiro and Cochran: No rivalry at all.

says, "I don't mean this to be a sexist comment, but man to man, are you being straight with me on this?"

260. 11/14/94 Ito allows an alternate juror to remain on the panel after she admits she has seen an ad for Ito's interview on KCBS while watching *Murder, She Wrote*.

261. "Well," Ito said, "It's sweeps week."

47. She told therapist Susan Forward that she was afraid O.J. would kill her.

48. 1977: Neighbors hear O.J. beating Nicole and later see her with black eyes.

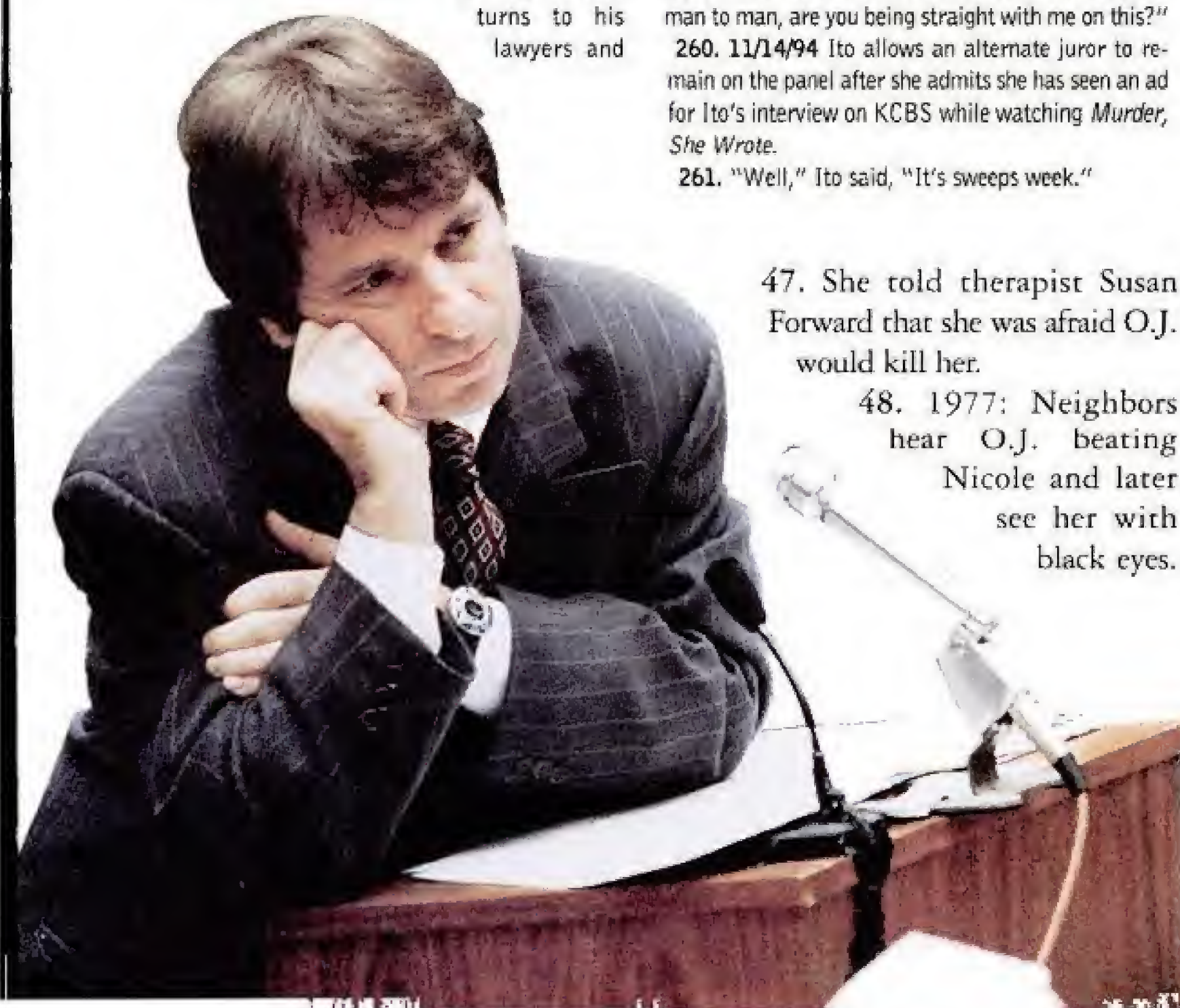
49. 1982: O.J. smashes framed photos of Nicole and her family, throws Nicole against a wall, and throws her and her clothes out of the house.

50. 1987: O.J. hits Nicole and throws her to the ground.

51. 1989: O.J. slaps Nicole and pushes her out of a slow-moving car.

52. A week before the murders, Nicole called a battered women's shelter for help because she claimed O.J. was stalking her.

53. Nicole wrote in her diary that O.J. used to lock her in their wine cellar overnight when he was angry with her,



FUN FACTS & FIGURES

739. On the opening day of arguments, the winning California Lottery Daily 3 numbers were 0-3-2.

740. O.J.'s number was 32 when he played for USC and the Buffalo Bills.

741. Add up the digits of the date of the murder, 6-12-1994 and you also get 32.

742. California passed bills banning news organizations from paying people who "reasonably should know" that they may have witnessed a crime.

743. The producers of the 1995 Oscars cut three of Letterman's Top 10 list because they were O.J. jokes.

744. They also censored all other O.J. references from the show's script.

745. One poll revealed that 8 out of 10 people would prefer to be represented by Shapiro than Clark.

746. Another poll revealed that while 75% of the people asked could identify a picture of Kato Kaelin, but only 25% recognized a picture of Al Gore.

747. Yet another poll revealed that more than 7 out of 10 married women would like to have Kato Kaelin as a houseguest.

748. But less than 3 out of 10 men would want him crashing their pads.

749. Still another showed that 78% of people polled would rather dine with Kato than Bill Clinton.

750. According to a Times Mirror poll, more Americans can identify Lance Ito as the judge in the O.J. Simpson murder trial (64%) than could identify Newt Gingrich as the Speaker of the House (52%).

751. Nicole's condominium is on the market for \$795,000, and is also available for leasing at \$5100 a month.

752. No one has made a bid.

753. Economist Bernard Lentz has postulated that the trial actually affects New York Stock Exchange activity.

754. Since the start of the O.J. trial, average trading for the first half hour of trial coverage has

dropped by 4.17 million shares.

755. The case cost taxpayers over \$300,000 per month.

756. Transcribers have typed over 3 million words.

757. The two transcribers will each make more than Clark and Ito put together.

758. A wax replica of O.J. Simpson was recently installed in the Perry Mason courtroom in the Movieland Wax Museum in Hollywood.

759. O.J.'s jailhouse treatment resulted in a penal code reform: all inmates involved in trials longer than 3 weeks are now served hot dinners.

760. In June 1994, the L.A. Commission on Assaults Against Women's hotline call were up 80%.

761. Using the long hours put in by Clark and Darden as examples, Garcetti proposed that all prosecutors receive a pay hike of between 2.2% and 11%.

762. NBC's Studio 3C in Manhattan is now occupied by legal correspondent Jack Ford for O.J. updates.

763. It is known around NBC as "the O.J. studio."

764. O.J. used to host "NFL Live!" from 3C.

765. When John Wayne Bobbitt was charged with battering his former fiancée, he pleaded, "absolutely, positively 100% not guilty."

766. William Kuntzler performed stand-up readings of his four poems called "The Simpson Sonnets" in New York comedy clubs which he hoped to publish as soon as the O.J. trial ends—"if it ever does."

767. He died before the trial ended.



One of O.J.'s "fans" angles for a better look at the alleged killer.

and periodically would come in to beat her.

54. She wrote that she was afraid he would kill her.

55. She wrote that O.J. had beaten her while they made love.

56. She called police 30 times after the beatings.

57. In her divorce papers Nicole wrote of one incident in which O.J. began beating her on a New York street corner and continued to beat her all the way back to and inside their hotel room: "He continued to beat me as I kept crawling for the door."

58. 1988 O.J. beat Nicole after she let a gay man kiss their son.

59. While driving, Nicole told her mother, "I'm scared. I go to the gas station, he's there. I'm driving, and he's behind me."

60. Nicole made out her will five weeks before she was murdered.

The 1989 Incident:

61. Police respond to a 911 call to find a bruised, bleeding Nicole hiding in the bushes wearing only a bra and sweatpants.

62. "He's going to kill me!" Nicole sobbed repeatedly.

63. O.J. came out of the house yelling, "I got two other women and I don't want that woman in my bed anymore."

I'M A.C. DAMMIT

768. When the cops asked him to identify himself during the freeway chase, he modestly responded: "It's me, A.C.—dammit, you know A.C.?"

769. A.C. had signed an \$11 million deal for his \$2.99-a-minute 900 number—(900) CALL-4-AC—and the rights to raffle off his Bronco.

770. Lost the contract after he got sued by another company that said A.C. had agreed to give them the Bronco.

771. Reason for setting up the phone line: he has been reluctant to speak publicly, because the media have "consistently sensationalized the facts and negatively exploited the many aspects of this tragedy."

772. Cowlings' lawyer suggested that some of the money might go to O.J.'s kids.

773. While out on \$250,000 bail, attended the Free Speech Coalition's porn star party, where he dirty danced with adult "actress" Lacy Rose.

774. Cowlings arrived at the porno party to a chorus of applause.

775. Hung out backstage with the Rolling Stones after their concert at the Rose Bowl.

776. Sued by a would be buyer of his Bronco who claims that A.C. reneged on the deal and tried to sell it to someone else for more money.

777. Hit CBS reporter Bryan Harlan in LAX after Harlan tried to ask him a question.

778. Harlan: "You shouldn't have hit me, man." A.C.: "No, I should have knocked your fucking head off. That's what I should have done."

779. When A.C. and O.J. were teens A.C. jumped in front of O.J. when a friend pointed a starter's pistol at the Juice.

780. Bought O.J. \$1,000 worth of bedding—a down comforter, plush pillows, and linen—because O.J. felt queasy sleeping on jailhouse issues.



64. When told he would be arrested, O.J. yelled, "The police have been out here eight times before, and now you're going to arrest me for this?"

65. O.J. pleaded no contest to spousal battery and was convicted of the crime.

66. O.J. later said of the beating: "No one was hurt, it was no big deal."

67. He also said, "At times, I have felt like a battered husband."

68. Nicole had her sister Denise take pictures of her bruised body and locked them in a safe-deposit box.

69. She told Denise, "I need proof that O.J. beat me. Without proof no one will

ever believe me. The public think's he's a hero who can do no wrong."

Nicole's 1993 911 Call:

70. O.J. can be heard screaming and cursing in the background.

71. Dispatcher: "Is he threatening you?" Nicole: "*He's going fucking nuts!*"

72. "Stay on the line."

"...*He's gonna beat the shit out of me.*"

73. "Has this happened before?"

"*Many times.*"

74. In the background O.J. can be heard screaming about Keith Zlomsowitch, the man O.J. saw Nicole give a blow job to.

75. Nicole to police: "When he gets this

crazed, I get scared... He gets a very animalistic look in him... His eyes are black, just black, I mean cold, like an animal."

The Bronco Chase:

Jennifer Peace, porn star and Al Cowling's lover, told the grand jury that Cowling's had told her:

76. the chase was actually an attempt to flee to Mexico.

77. the crime scene gloves were O.J.'s

78. A.C. had helped dispose of the weapon

79. The defense claims that, during the chase, O.J. was on his way to commit suicide at Nicole's grave, yet A.C. drove past

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a shouting match with NYS Supreme Court judge Harold Rothwax when he tries to bow out of a local case he had taken on prior to being hired by the Simpson team.

273. As two prospective alternates describe instances of men being beaten by women, O.J. smiles and mutters, "Yes, yes."

274. 11/30/94 Cochran accuses the DA's office of using victim's families as part of an anti-O.J. media blitz: "All of a sudden, the DA speaks out, the chief of police speaks out, both families speak out. It's clearly orchestrated."

275. 12/8/94 A prospective male alternate who described himself as the victim of domestic violence at the hands of his wife was dismissed, flashing the thumbs-up sign at O.J. as he left the courtroom.

276. 12/9/94 Reverend Rosey Grier lies on the stand, telling the court that The Juice never raised his voice above normal speaking levels in the glass room during his visit.

277. 12/12/94 Ito to the jury: "Have a very happy holiday. There's a strong possibility we'll have to sequester you."

278. 12/16/94 Uelmen not-too-subtly hints at what O.J. said to Grier when he offers a hypothetical situation where O.J.'s remarks could be taken out of context: "We can imagine a situation where Mr. Simpson would say, 'I'm so depressed. I can't imagine a situation where people I know would go on television and say I did it; I killed two people.'" Uelmen went on to say that if the deputy only heard the words, "I did it; I killed two people," that would not accurately reflect the conversation.

279. 1/4/95 Ito puts a stop to O.J.'s visitation rights abuses, in which the defense list 52 friends and family members as "material witnesses" and visit him accompanied by lawyers, therefore exempting themselves from any time or frequency limits on visitation.

280. Shapiro on O.J.'s prison treatment: "I keep hearing this bullshit of 'special treatment, special treatment.' The whole place sucks."

281. 1/5/95 In a bizarre gesture of one-upmanship, the Dream Team announces that their witness list includes over 270 people—to the prosecution's 216. However, more than 100 of the people on the list were passengers on O.J.'s flight from LA to Chicago.

282. 1/9/95 Ito tells the smiling jury panel that they will meet at a secret location the following day where

they will begin sequestration which will last the duration of the trial.

283. "I don't see many smiling faces at this point," Ito said.

284. Ito rules that the victims' families will have seven seats, after Marcia Clark complained that the victims' families were allotted only five seats, while Simpson's family got six.

285. Complaining that "some members of the Brown family have been demonstrative" in court during earlier hearings, Shapiro suggests that they sit in the rear of the courtroom.

286. 1/11/95 Defense attorneys allege that Nicole had once called O.J.'s gay father a derogatory name.

287. Feigning indignance, O.J. dramatically wheels around to face the Brown family, who refuse to make eye contact with The Juice.

288. Defense attorney Uelmen calls O.J.'s wife-beating minor disputes in a sometimes "bumpy marriage."

289. Uelmen calls O.J. and Nicole's strife "no more than usual."

290. While the prosecution gives examples of his wife-beating, The Juice shakes his head, smiles, rolls his eyes and laughs.

291. While Deputy DA Lydia Bodin is in the midst of introducing evidence of O.J.'s wife-beating, O.J. leans towards his attorneys, and chuckles as he makes a remark.

292. Later, Cochran denies any flippancy on The

Juice's part when he laughed, claiming that O.J. had said, "Why is she saying that?" and added that his client was amazed by some of Bodin's allegations.

293. 1/18/95 Ito refuses to allow prosecutors to discuss Nicole's call to a battered woman's shelter five days before her murder—in which she claimed that O.J. was stalking her—because the person who said

them could not be cross-examined (she was dead).

294. Defense attorneys lose their bid to block prosecutors from using the terms "battered wife," "spousal abuse," and "stalking" and restrict them to the phrase "domestic discord."

295. 1/20/95 When presented with a page of details of O.J.'s ex-babysitters' allegations that Nicole had carried Mace out of fear of Simpson, O.J. laughs softly as he reads it.

296. 1/23/95 The defense requests that O.J. be given one minute—free of cross-examination—to address the jury during opening statements.

297. Cochran also asks that Simpson be allowed to display his "scars, injuries, and limitations" to the jury.

298. 1/24/95 Clark delivers the prosecution's opening statement, including blood and hair evidence, along with photographs from the crime scene, during which O.J. stares at the ceiling.

299. While the victims' families wear matching gold angel pins to symbolize their loss, Simpson's relatives don gold hearts which read "O.J. 100% NG," a reference to Simpson's

assertion of his 100% innocence.

300. Cochran is poised to deliver the defenses opening statements when Ito suddenly halts court proceedings, because Court TV has inadvertently broadcast an 8/10ths-of-a-second-long shot of an alternate juror.

301. A conspiracy-hungry Cochran claims that the camera slip-up was



Demonstration of a bad break-up.

not "inadvertent."

302. 1/25/95 Professional actor O.J. limps over to the jury box and shows his scarred knee to the jury suggesting that he was physically incapable of committing the crimes.

303. Cochran on Simpson's knee: "He was perhaps the greatest running back in the history of the NFL,

the cemetery entrance.

80. They were driving in the direction of Mexico.

81. Shapiro claimed on camera that O.J. couldn't have been fleeing for Mexico, because "he only had \$60 on him." It turned out he had \$8,000.

82. Police also found O.J.'s passport and a fake moustache and beard in the Bronco.

83. Shapiro claimed the moustache and beard was because O.J. was planning to take his kids to Disneyland—incognito.

84. Photos taken before the murders show O.J. at Disneyland with his two kids, sans fake moustache and beard.

85. During a Bronco call, O.J. tried to shoot himself, but the gun jammed.

86. The grand jury investigation into

A.C. found that: "After [Nicole's] funeral, Cowlings and Simpson exchanged clothing. Cowlings practiced walking like Simpson. Cowlings covered his head with his jacket, entered Simpson's limousine and returned to Simpson's residence in Brentwood. This ruse cause the media and the police to believe that Simpson had returned to his Brentwood home."

87. Instead, O.J., aided by an off-duty LAPD sergeant, slipped off to Robert Kardashian's house, where Cowlings met up with him the next day.

88. The two fled moments before police arrived to take O.J. into custody.

Why His Alibi Doesn't Cut It:

89. O.J. told police he had no recollection of cutting himself in recent days.

90. Limo driver Alan Parker testified that O.J. told him he was taking a nap when he picked him up, yet Cochran claimed O.J. was in his yard hitting golf balls when the murders took place.

91. The defense later said O.J. made a call from his Bronco, *then* hit golf balls.

92. The story was changed to explain why O.J. called Paula Barbieri from a cell phone rather than use the house phone.

93. Prosecutors contend the most likely setting for the call was from his Bronco.

94. Parker testified that at 10:57 P.M. he saw a 6-foot, 200-pound black man walk across O.J.'s lawn and enter the front door.

95. Right after that, the lights went on.

96. Moments later, O.J. answered the phone and said he'd been asleep and

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all kinds of records, but you pay a price."

304. Cochran calls a picture of O.J. at a charity event the day before the murders as "graphic evidence of O.J. Simpson and who he really is."

305. Cochran refers to O.J.'s daughter as his "sweet little daughter Sydney."

306. Cochran: "If you follow the people's case, you'd have to believe that he came home and said, 'Gee I think what I'll do is I'll go over and I'll kill my wife now and I think I'll take these tennis shoes off and put on some dress shoes—some hard-soled shoes—and change clothes,' knowing that he's going to be leaving shortly to go to the airport...."

307. Cochran, an accused wife-beater defending a known wife-beater calls the annual 2.5 million cases of domestic violence in America "an intolerable situation."

308. Cochran likens the prosecution's correlation between O.J.'s battery of Nicole and the killings to the "unproven" correlation between cigarette smoking and lung cancer.

309. Cochran on Simpson's stalking: "Stalkers don't go all across the United States working, doing commercials, shooting movies, having a new girlfriend...by the name of Paula Barbieri."

310. Cochran claims that the blood under Nicole Simpson's fingernails could not have been her own, Ron Goldman's or O.J.'s, suggesting that the killer was still at large.

311. It is later discovered that Cochran had quoted a government report on the blood tests out of context, deliberately omitting a sentence that stated that "Nicole cannot be excluded as a source of the stain...."

312. Carmelita Durio, one of O.J.'s sisters on Cochran's opening statements: "Now we're hearing the truth."

313. Darden calls some of Cochran's 14 surprise witnesses "heroin addicts, thieves, felons... and a court-certified pathological liar."

314. After court, Hodgman is hospitalized with stress-related chest pains.

315. 1/26/95 Darden expresses the prosecution's fear that the defense's star witness is not necessarily

the real Mary Anne Gerchas.

316. Cochran alludes to his theory that Goldman and Nicole had been victims of a Colombian drug dealer who meant to hit Faye Resnick, a theory which is eventually barred from the courtroom for total lack of evidence.

317. 1/30/95 Cochran on O.J.'s wife-beating. "He, like all of us, has made mistakes. Of course, we know of only one perfect person that ever walked the earth."

318. Cochran on O.J.: "He has been blessed bountifully by God, shared his largess with many, many people."

319. 1/31/95 Clark claims that O.J.'s lawyer at the time of the murders, Howard Weitzman, allowed O.J. to meet privately with police and declined to be present because he "would prefer to go out to lunch."

320. 2/1/95 On the stand Ron Shipp testifies that O.J. told him that he was afraid of taking a polygraph test because he thought his dreams about killing his ex-wife would cause him to fail.

321. Clark applauds Ito's decision to allow O.J.'s dream comment with a quote from a Disney movie: "A dream is a wish your heart makes."

322. During one break, Shipp mouths the words "I love you, man" to O.J., who ignores him. Shapiro complains to Ito about the attempted contact.

323. Darden claims that Shipp had mouthed "tell the truth" and asks Ito if he can question Shipp. Ito denies the request.

324. Nicole Simpson's safe deposit box is introduced, containing pictures of her bruises and three letters littered with spelling and grammatical errors that refer to his New Year's Day wife beating as "a crazy drunken incident." In public, he had called the beating "a mutual-type wrestling match" that was "no big deal."

325. 2/2/95 After the prosecution plays the 911 tapes in which O.J. yells at a trembling and hysterical Nicole, Cochran asks the 911 operator, "she was not struck by the gentleman who in the background, is that right?"

326. 2/3/95 Nicole's next-door neighbor Catherine

Boe testifies that even after their separation O.J. confronted Nicole at her house and appeared outraged that she was having sex with another man.

327. Shapiro suggests that the conscientious O.J. had merely been expressing concern that Nicole and her new paramour were having sex in front of his children.

328. 2/6/95 On the stand Denise Brown testifies that O.J. called a pregnant Nicole a "fat pig".

329. Brown testifies that Simpson had grabbed Nicole's crotch in a bar and told others that "this is where babies come from, and it belongs to me."

330. After the defense shows a video tape of the recital in which O.J. was smiling and shaking hands with Nicole's father, later Cochran reports that O.J. leaned over and said "Thank God for video."

331. 2/9/95 When asked by Clark if he had been trained in securing crime scenes at the Police Academy, Riske responds that "They kind of gloss over that, they don't really train you."

332. 2/12/95 On a tour of O.J.'s mansion, jurors find fires burning in two fireplaces, flowers ornamenting the rooms, and a Bible carefully laid in plain view on one of the tables.

333. A picture of Simpson's mother—which had been placed on O.J.'s bedside table after his arrest—is ordered removed.

334. Bailey on O.J.'s feelings about the visit: "He mentioned the fact that he'd just as soon stay there."

335. 2/15/95 Rosa Lopez's lawyer announces that Rosa, scared by the arrest of fellow perjurer and witness Mary Anne Gerchas, has disappeared and possibly left the country.

336. Cochran on Rosa's flight: "If she left the country, we're going where she is. She's important."

337. 2/17/95 Rosa Lopez is discovered hiding in Southern California.

338. "I believe that she is still available," says Robert Shapiro.

339. 2/22/95 Cochran to Lange about the possibility of contamination at the crime scene: "You're aware that after the crime scene perimeter was taken down.... they had a number of looky-loos and oth-

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781. LA County Sheriff Sgt. George Smith, whose job it is to pacify the jurors: "We give them whatever we can; we want to keep them happy. This is going to be a long trial, and we don't want to lose them."

782. Unlike any other jurors in the courthouse, O.J. jurors spend their time in a private suite with a stocked refrigerator.

783. At the hotel, they have a private game room, with cards, chess, Monopoly, and videos.

784. After some complained that they were not able to follow "Melrose Place," Ito approved showings of specially screened episodes.

785. If a juror listens to the radio, a deputy must listen simultaneously so as to shut it off at any mention of the trial.

786. Ito has called them "the best-dressed jury I've ever seen."

787. Darden on one white juror: "I think the evidence may establish that he is some form of jerk. And what kind of jerk he is, I don't know."

788. One 72-year-old black alternate on the white deputies: "Them damn bastards been telling me what to do my whole life."

789. The prosecution's request to sequester the jury is the first recorded instance in the history of American jurisprudence.

790. The jury attended a Lakers game as guests of owner Jerry Buss, and sat in his box.

791. At the game, a member of the USC band yelled a comment urging the jury to acquit O.J.

792. Ito later instructed them to disregard it.

793. Michael Knox wore a 49er's cap (O.J. played for the 49ers)

794. He failed to disclose a past allegation of spousal abuse on his questionnaire.

795. Knox: "There will be a verdict that will shock America....Justice is going to prevail."



Ito: No hermits or Rip Van Winkles, please.

796. He rote the first juror book, "Diary of an O.J. Juror."

797. He described the prosecution's presentation as "truly pathetic; sloppy, baldy organized and rarely eloquent — even though the evidence was powerful."

798. Jeanette Harris failed to include past domestic abuse on her questionnaire because she had "forgotten" about it.

799. She accused a juror of kicking her.

800. She expressed admiration for the way O.J. was handling himself in court, "whether he did it or not."

801. Tracy Kennedy was dismissed for making notes on other jurors in preparation for a book.

802. Kennedy on one black juror: "I get the feeling he hates all white people."

803. Upon returning from the doctor he had

seen for his depression, Kennedy found a new jury summons in his mail.

804. He later attempted suicide.

111 Tracy Hampton was the first of the dismissed jurors to not talk to the press or capitalize on her experience.

805. She told Ito, "I can't take it anymore."

806. Hospitalized following violent seizure after dismissal; later denied she chewed on a light bulb and bit her arm until it bled.

807. Willie Cravin was removed for seven different incidents of physical contact and psychological intimidation of other jurors.

808. He claimed to not be convinced by the DNA evidence.

809. On talk shows

following his dismissal, he called Simpson "The Juice."

810. Cravin, a black man, was regarded by the defense as their "insurance policy," a "certain holdout against conviction."

811. When he was removed, Clark danced a jig in the courthouse hallway and Darden jokingly told Cochran, "We got one of your boys."

THE REVOLT

812. In what became a legal first, the 13 members of the jury refused to sit in the box after Ito dismissed three deputies following complaints.

813. Despite the fact that almost all the jurors supported the deputies, a few did not.

814. A 72-year-old man complained blacks were more closely monitored during walks.

815. A black woman criticized him for complaining about prejudice he suffered years ago.

COURTROOM CRACK-UPS

816. When a knocked over chart almost hit the court reporter, Ito quipped: "You folks are determined to make today exciting."

817. Under examination, an elderly witness adjusted her hearing aid. "Are you tuning me out?" Cochran asked.

818. "Where can I get one of those?" Ito added.

Court stenographer's phonetic spelling:

819. Merry Anne Gear Chase (Mary Anne Gerchas)

820. Mr. Whites Plan (Howard Weitzman)

821. March Parltd Eye (Mark Partridge).

822. Any comment white peo-

ple (Any comment by the people)

823. I am lame rulings (Are there any rulings that you objected to?)

824. Judge Eat (Judge Ito).

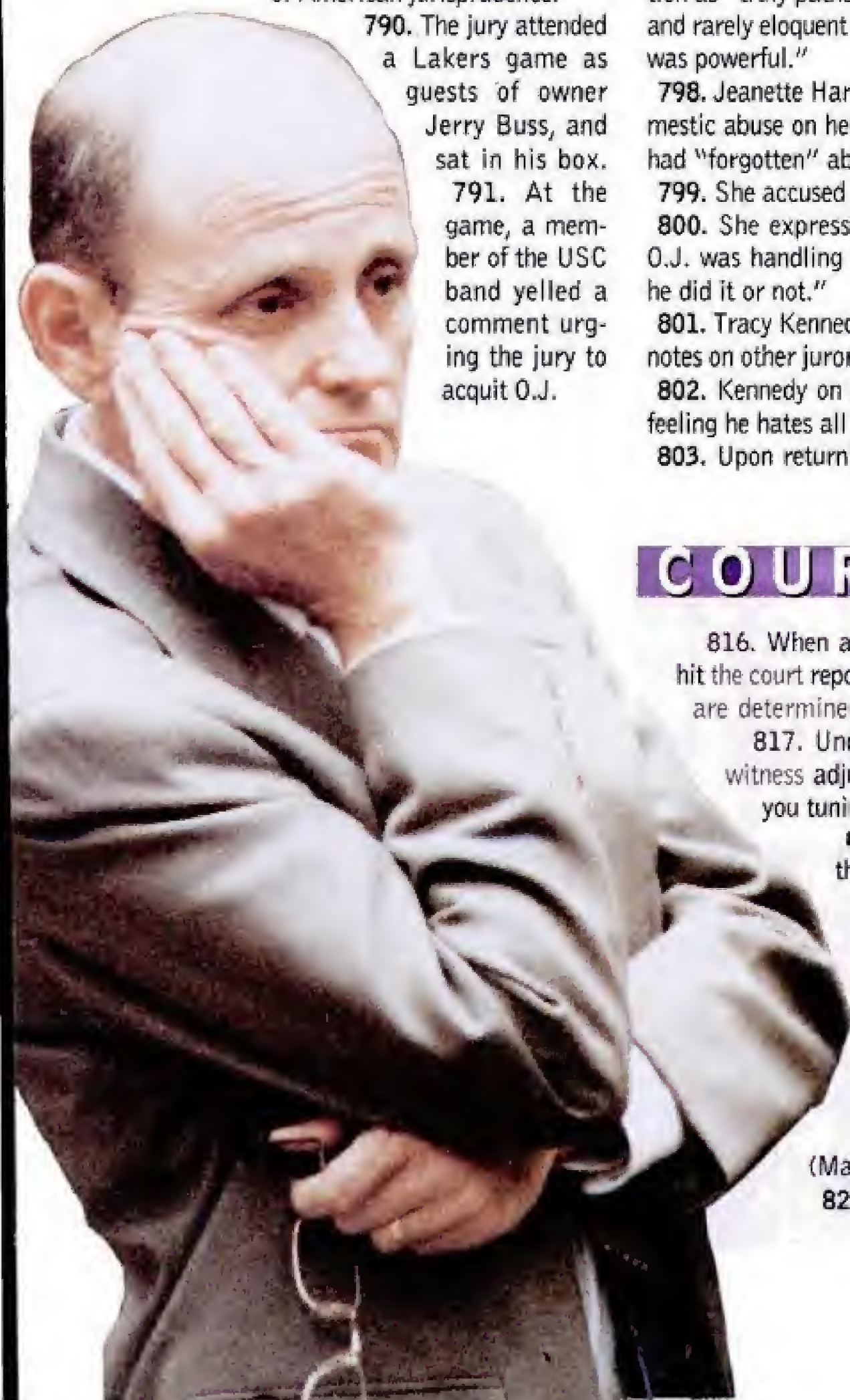
825. When Clark asks Kato if O.J. was "thrilled" to have him along on a McDonald's run, Kato shot back, "Wouldn't you be?"

826. When he failed to recognize attorney Robert Blasier, Asian criminalist Henry Lee smiled and remarked: "You all look alike."

827. When Ito informs the court that people unconnected to the case had filed legal briefs—accompanied by a \$12 million check—Cochran asked if the check cleared.

828. Ito: "If it did, I wouldn't be here."

829. A day after Ito kicked off the 9th and 10th jurors, one stumbled a fell. Ito smiled and said: "I need for all of you to stay healthy."



V I C T I M S

Nicole Brown Simpson

830. Drove a Ferrari with vanity plates: L84AD8.

831. On their first date, O.J. ripped the zipper and button off her jeans because he couldn't wait to have sex.

832. When her platonic roommate David LeBon hit the ceiling, she said, "No, wait, David. I like him."

833. Days after her divorce from O.J., Nicole flew to Cabo San Lucas with two of her lovers, Brett Shaves and Keith Zlomsowitch.

834. Said to them: "If O.J. could see me now, he'd probably kill me!"

835. Claimed the reason she didn't leave O.J. after the beatings was that she depended on O.J.'s money.

836. Days before her death, she returned a blouse and jeans O.J. had bought for her, telling the clerk: "I don't want reminders of him. We're through. But his cash,

I'll take."

According to Faye Resnick's book:

837. Nicole had six abortions rather than have another child with O.J.

838. They would have sex up to five times a day.

839. Nicole compared Marcus Allen's penis to a log of driftwood she found on a beach.

840. Nicole claimed other men's penises were like "a mini-pickle or a gherkin" compared to O.J.'s.

841. Nicole was going to 'do' Ron Goldman, but they both got killed before anything happened.

842. Nicole and Resnick had a brief lesbian encounter.

Ron Goldman

843. Had been seen driving Nicole's car.

844. Told friends that if O.J. ever saw him doing it, "he'd kick my butt."

845. Appeared on an episode of *Studs*.

846. Volunteered at the Thousand Oaks Cerebral Palsy home, where he did all of the residents' hair.

The Nicole Brown Simpson Charitable Foundation

847. The original president was convicted felon and accused wife-beater named Jeff Noebel.



Shapiro on how to ensure payment.

no glove for him to abscond with.

105. Fuhrman was never out of sight of other officers.

106. Video footage showed that Fuhrman was not wearing his jacket during the investigation, making it impossible to conceal a bloody glove.

107. Kato Kaelin reported hearing

102. According to testimony by Robert Riske, the first officer at the crime scene, police had noticed all of the evidence before Fuhrman had arrived.

103. All of the evidence samples had been collected and logged before O.J. ever gave police his blood sample.

104. Fourteen officers arrived at the crime scene long before Fuhrman and saw

three loud thumps on his wall near where the glove was found, thumps that he heard before police knew of the murders.

108. Fuhrman had no way of knowing whether Simpson would have an alibi for the time when the murders occurred.

109. Fuhrman did not even know whether eyewitnesses might emerge to say they saw the crimes committed.

would be right down.

97. Perjurer Rosa Lopez said that O.J.'s car had not moved from its spot outside his house all evening.

98. But Parker said he did not see the car when he arrived at 10:22 P.M.

99. Nor had neighbor Charles Cale seen the car when he was walking his dog an hour earlier.

100. Cale told the jury he was "very certain" that the car

wasn't there.

Why Fuhrman Couldn't Have Planted the Glove:

101. Police concluded it would have been all but impossible for Fuhrman to have taken a glove from the crime scene and plant it at O.J.'s house.

O.J.: "I WANT TO TELL YOU"

848. O.J. offers 27 permutations of "I'm innocent," "I didn't do it," or "How could anybody say I did it."

849. O.J. was reportedly paid \$1 million by Little, Brown & Co for the book.

850. Publishing industry sources claimed that Time Warner was so confident of the book's ability to generate its own media coverage that the company didn't budget any money for advertising.

851. Steve Wasserman, editorial director of Random House's Times Books division, said that he would not have published Simpson's book. "It's a naked grab for people's wallets. It's a mercenary act, not publishing. It compounds the charge of homicide with a literary mugging."

852. "Some of the letters validated what my mother was telling me over and over, that the Lord was really forging me for something else, something better."

853. "I know I have one chance of total vindication. One chance. And that is for the police to catch who did it, or for the real killers to come forward."

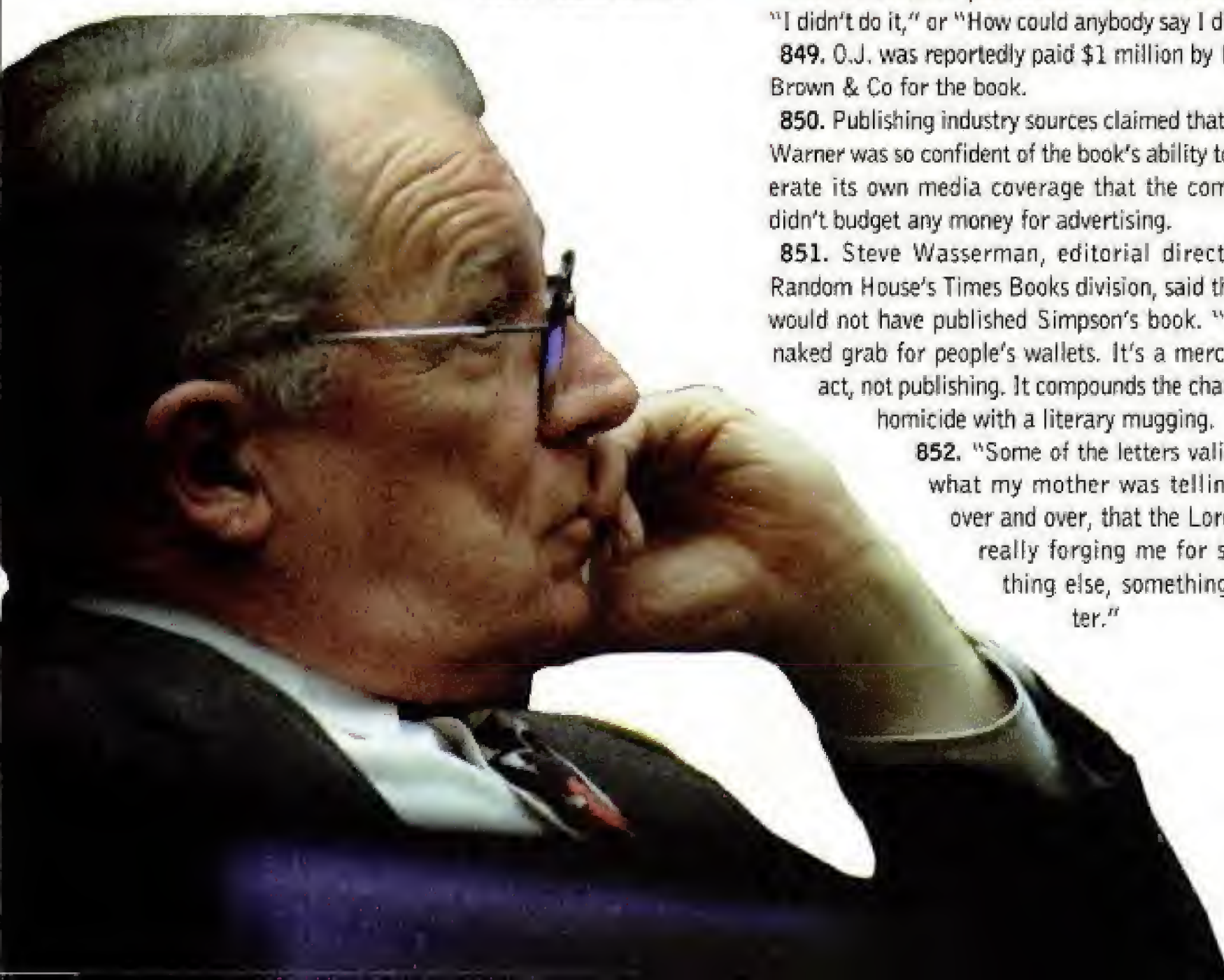
854. "I wonder sometimes about what Nicole was thinking at the end. I think now about what must have been going through her head when she realized what was about to happen to her, oh man."

855. "I feel badly for Mr. Goldman's family. I feel his family's hurt and pain; but I had nothing to do with his death. To me he is like the unknown soldier, courageous."

856. "You are handicapping yourself when you accept excuses. I say to everybody that if I had committed this crime, I would have had to take responsibility for my actions and I would have."

857. "Along with the grief I was having over Nicole's murder, I literally felt I was murdered. I felt there were three homicides. Some unknown killers murdered Nicole and Ronald Goldman; now the press was murdering me. They were tired of Burt and Loni, I guess."

858. "My biggest concern is what all of this has done to me inside. I never really felt hatred before."



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ers, tourists from around the world, came in and around that location?"

340. Cochran tries to establish Simpson's innocence by reminding Lange that detectives at the scene knew that Simpson had previously been arrested for beating his wife, therefore they would have had preconceived ideas as to his guilt.

341. In an effort to discredit Lange, Cochran points out several times in his cross-examination that Lange lives in Simi Valley—the predominantly white community where the LAPD officers were found not guilty in connection with the Rodney King beating.

342. Lopez is ordered to be in court on Feb. 24th.

343. 2/23/95 Following prosecutor William Hodgman's return from a stress-induced leave of absence, Ito, concerned for the health of both teams of lawyers, introduces a more relaxed court schedule, which in effect, prolongs the trial, but results in a shorter workweek for the attorneys.

344. 2/24/95 Over the objections of prosecutors, Rosa Lopez is allowed to take the stand outside the presence of the jury.

345. Video cameras record her testimony so that it may still be used in the event she flees to El Salvador.

346. Lopez testifies through an interpreter.

347. Lopez says her daughter told her if Rosa testifies, that she was no longer welcome in her daughter's house. "Did that make you sad?" Cochran asks.

348. In her early testimony, Lopez refers to defense investigator Bill Pavelic as "Mr. Bill," a moniker which Darden uses derisively throughout his cross-examination. He also repeats Lopez' nickname for Cochran: "Mr. Johnnie."

349. Lopez tells the court that she had made flight reservations for El Salvador that night and was planning to leave the country. TRUTH: The airline had no record of any reservation.

350. Rosa says her niece had paid for a plane ticket so that she could appear in court on a certain date. TRUTH: Johnnie Cochran paid for the ticket.

351. As for Rosa's claims that she feared for her safety and plans to leave the country and not return. TRUTH: A travel agent takes the stand and states that Rosa made round trip reservations for Feb 21.

352. Ito to Chris Darden on Rosa's testimony: "It is a contradictory record. You're right about that."

353. A tearful Rosa promises Ito that she will stay in the country at least until the following Monday. "I will do it for you, Your Honor," she weeps.

354. Marcia Clark backs out of a special Friday night session of the trial because she claims she has to take care of her kids.

355. 2/28/95 Rosa stops her testimony and complains to Judge Ito: "I am very tired. I want to rest, sir. I don't want any more questions."

356. After getting her assurance that she will return at a later date, Ito allows her to leave.

357. 3/3/95 Darden asks Rosa not to disclose a particular address on a list he hands her, and then accidentally discloses it himself later in the questioning.

358. Rosa scolds Darden: "See, you mention it all over the world. You're so bad."

359. Darden slaps himself on the hand.

360. Rosa's response to allegations that she told a former employer: "O.J. Simpson is a great guy, and I'll testify to anything, anytime." "Maybe I said that to her. I don't remember."

361. Rosa admits that she disliked Nicole Simpson because she allegedly slapped her housekeeper.

362. Despite her alleged plans to flee to El Salvador, it is revealed that Rosa has filed for unemployment.

363. When Cochran presses Rosa to say what time she allegedly saw Simpson and a passenger return to his house after leaving for a short trip in Simpson's Bentley, she stumbles, first saying it could have been anywhere between 8:45 and 9:00, and then saying that she can't remember.

364. On her most important point—when she saw Simpson's Bronco parked outside his house—the defense's key witness could only say that it was "some-time after 10 p.m."

365. It is revealed that when Rosa told Simpson investigator Bill Pavelic that she had taken O.J.'s dog for a walk around 10:15, he prompted her to say that it could have been 10:30.

366. During Rosa's testimony, it is revealed that she gave misinformation on her driver's license applications, which are completed under penalty of perjury.

367. Shapiro: "To date, she has been very consistent on some issues, and on some others, she has clearly been inconsistent."

368. Bailey: "[Lopez's] integrity is rock solid."

369. Judge Ito on the defense's failure to provide the prosecution with the taped interview with Rosa Lopez: "A representation made with reckless disregard for the truth if not a deliberate attempt to mislead both the prosecution and the court."

370. Johnnie Cochran on the professional damage inflicted by Ito's harsh sanctions: "Integrity means everything to me."

371. 3/9/95 Cochran closes his cross examination of Detective Tom Lange by saying "Have a nice day."

372. Christopher Darden had been slated to question Fuhrman, but defers to Clark after receiving numerous death threats.

373. 3/11/95 To emphasize the defense's confidence about their challenge to Det. Mark Fuhrman, F. Lee Bailey sits through an entire day of Fuhrman's testimony without taking a single note.

374. 3/16/95 Bailey asks to display a leather glove in a plastic bag to show that Fuhrman could have placed a bloody glove in such a bag and carried the package in his sock to O.J.'s estate.

375. Clark points out that the murder gloves were extra large and Bailey's glove is small: "I guess it's Mr. Bailey's."

376. Shapiro on Fuhrman: "My preference was that race was not an issue in this case and should not be an issue in the case and I'm sorry from my own personal view that it has become an issue in the case."

377. When asked whether Shapiro's comment reveals a defense team division over playing the race card, Cochran responds: "What race card?"

378. 3/26/95 The Rev. Jesse Jackson visits and prays with The Juice for nearly 90 minutes in O.J.'s prison room.

379. "Everybody's a victim," Jackson says. "Nicole and Ronald Goldman are dead victims. O.J. is a suffering victim."

380. 3/30/95 Defense attorney Thompson suggests that Harmon would not have the "chutzpah" to ask Mullis about his admitted drug use, Ito interrupts: "I don't for a moment doubt Mr. Harmon's chutzpah to do anything."

381. 4/3/95 Fung, explaining why he wore paper booties at the crime scene, says: "There was quite a bit of blood at the scene. And I just didn't want to get any blood on my shoes."

382. 4/5/95 "Judge Ito will never let it end," Sen. Al D'Amato says to Don Imus, in a caricature Japanese accent. "Judge Ito loves the limelight. He is making a disgrace of the judicial system, little Judge Ito..."

383. While the attorneys and the judge are consulting at a sidebar conference, a transvestite in the audience begins shouting that someone next to him is threatening to hit him.

384. 4/11/95 Fung denies handling an envelope with his bare hands.

385. Displaying a frame of videotape where Fung is handling a white, rectangular item without his gloves, Scheck barks: "There, there, how about that, Mr. Fung?"

386. During the break, Fung approaches Scheck and asks: "Are you going to buy me a beer when this is all over?" Scheck smiles but does not reply.

387. As Clark enters court with a new haircut, journalists and spectators burst into applause.

388. Clark smiles widely, does a little pirouette and laughs: "Get a life."

389. Darden weighs in, saying: "Marcia told me that her hair was naturally curly."

390. 4/13/95 Shapiro hands out fortune cookies to two writers at the trial, telling them: "These are from Hang Fung restaurant."

391. Shapiro refuses to apologize, saying: "Why is an issue being made of this?"

392. Scheck closes his cross-examination of Fung with a dramatic flourish, suggesting that a missing staple mark in a document was evidence that the original had been destroyed, bolstering the defense contention of a police conspiracy, complete with a cover-up.

393. Moments later, Goldberg produces the original.

394. 4/17/95 Prosecutors and defense lawyers both complain about Ito's bias for the other side.

395. Ito responds: "I'm glad to see both sides feel they're being treated badly by the court. That means it's pretty even."

396. 4/18/95 After eight grueling days on the stand, Fung enthusiastically shakes hands with Cochran and Shapiro.

397. Fung then reaches for Simpson's hand and exchanges farewells with him as jurors file out of the courtroom.

398. As Fung and The Juice shake hands, Scheck, who personally destroyed Fung on the stand, warmly addresses him, saying: "Thank You."

399. 4/21/95 Jurors, angry at the dismissal of three sheriff's deputies assigned to monitor them, boycott the session and refuse to go to court, demanding that Ito visit them at their hotel to discuss their concerns.

400. 4/28/95 Ito takes a courtroom sketch artist to task for jury sketches that are too accurate.

401. Ito describes the drawings, done without facial features, as "astonishing in their accuracy."

402. 5/1/95 The new juror has attracted attention for coming to court with a self-help book titled "When I Say No, I Feel Guilty."

403. LAPD officer Gregory Matheson testifies that if a cat walked into a crime scene and collected blood

110. Fibers on the glove were later found to be consistent with those from the inside of O.J.'s car, a fact that Fuhrman could not have predicted when he reported finding the glove.

Why the Theory that the Entire LAPD Was Out to Get O.J. Is Bullshit:

115. Although O.J. was the sole suspect at the time, LAPD officials agreed to let him turn himself in after the murders.

116. The gun that O.J. held to his head during the Bronco chase was registered to Earl C. Paysinger, a respected LAPD cop.

117. He had bought the gun for O.J. for his own security prior to the murders.

from several different units, police officers, civilian technicians...and who knows what else together and contrive a plot and keep it secret is unbelievable....It's too fanciful to imagine. It's something that belongs in Disneyland."

Icing On the Case:

122. O.J. had pressured Nicole to get

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on its paw, he could collect evidence off the paw and test it.

404. "OK," Goldberg responds. "So if evidence at a crime scene could be collected by a house cat, do you think that the criminalists Andrea Mazzola and Dennis Fung were qualified to collect the evidence in this case?"

405. During the morning session, a cellular phone begins ringing, drawing an angry glare from Ito.

406. Just before lunch break, Ito demands that the person whose telephone it was confess to the violation and turn it over for confiscation.

407. Ito, convinced that someone is refusing to come forward, bans all phones and pagers.

408. During lunch, Shelly Smith, a mortified reporter from *Sports Illustrated*, admits it was her phone, but she had left the courtroom before Ito demanded it.

409. As the jury is brought back into court, a woman approaches the gate separating the audience from the participants and drops to her knees.

410. "Father, father," she says, her eyes cast toward the ceiling, "I'm asking you in Jesus' name to open the heavens and give the peace and strength to this court."

411. 5/9/95 O.J. and his lawyers huddle at the defense table, passing around X-ray film that prosecutors gave the jury to inspect.

412. At one point, O.J. bursts into laughter, then quickly covers his mouth and strains to keep a straight face.

413. 5/10/95 Cochran describes the interpretation of DNA results as "very subjective."

414. 5/11/95 Ito fines Neufeld and Clark: "Both counsel are sanctioned \$250. Get your checkbooks out."

415. When the two hesitate, Ito adds: "Right now."

416. Ito mutters "thank God it's almost Friday," and specifically orders the attorneys not to bill their clients for the transgression.

417. "Thank you," Simpson says.

418. "You're welcome," Ito responds.

419. 5/12/95 Neufeld questions Cotton about weather conditions that may have affected the DNA at the crime scene, but Ito jumps in.

420. "Hold on," Ito says. "We have an attorney from New York. We have an expert witness from Maryland talking about June weather conditions in Santa Monica. We've got a problem."

421. 5/15/95 The Latino juror who sits in the front row grins and tosses a baseball he had caught during a trip to a Dodgers game.

422. In the midst of trying to assail Cotton's competence, Neufeld presents a chart in which he misspells the word "proficiency."

423. Harmon on the defense theory that DNA from vials of blood came in contact with samples collected from the crime scene and from Simpson's car: "Can DNA fly?"

424. 5/19/95 Noting that the FBI analysts tried to cough on samples in an effort to test their vulnerability to contamination, Scheck asks Sims whether the analysts should have sneezed instead because it would have been a better test.

425. "There's tremendous variation," says Sims, "just as from cough to cough, from spit to spit."

426. 5/22/95 Ito, increasingly gruff with the lawyers, remains warm and fatherly with the jurors, asking "Did we enjoy our activities over the weekend?"

427. Several jurors nod enthusiastically, and one exclaims: "That was great!"

428. "That was something I wanted to do myself," Ito says without elaborating. "That's how you got that."

429. It is later revealed that the jurors had ridden in a blimp, each taking turns steering.

430. 5/24/95 Cochran accuses Clark of being "hysterical."

431. Clark retorts that Cochran's characterization of her is sexist.

432. Cochran denies the charge, saying: "If we'd have yelled at the judge like that, we'd be coming out of lockup with O.J."

433. 5/25/95 Ito boots another juror, a 38-year-old white woman named Francine Florio-Bunten for al-

legedly contacting a book agent through her husband and offering to write a book entitled "Standing Alone for Nicole."

434. 5/26/95 Florio-Bunten is replaced by a 71-year-old black woman with a tenth-grade education who lists her occupation as "retired cleaning officer."

435. The woman told attorneys before she was impaneled as an alternate that she had "never heard of no O.J. Simpson."

436. She also claimed to be fond of betting on horses and admitted that she never reads anything "except the horse sheet."

437. 5/30/95 Clark threatens to report Scheck to the State Bar for asking a question that she says any "lawyer with half a brain, with an IQ above 5," would have known was improper.

438. 5/31/95 Ito formally rebukes both Scheck and Clark, saying: "I'm hearing personal comments about people's intelligence or the size of their brains, which I find childish and unprofessional."

439. 6/2/95 The prosecution introduces L.A. county's top coroner, Dr. Lakshmanan Sathyavagiswaran.

440. "If we call you Dr. Lakshmanan, you will not be offended, will you?" Kelberg asks.

441. 6/5/95 O.J. requests that he waive his right to be present when the autopsy photos are presented, and the prosecution agrees with his request.

442. "One might argue whether this is a performance by Mr. Simpson, the actor, or truly a reflection of Mr. Simpson's alleged grief for his deceased wife," Kelberg says.

443. Clark asks Ito not to "turn this into a circus sideshow for maudlin displays by the defendant."

444. O.J. rolls his eyes and glares angrily at Clark.

445. 6/6/95 When asked to demonstrate how Nicole's injury could have been inflicted, Dr. L. grabs Kelberg by the hair, pulls his head back and draws a ruler across his neck.

446. 6/7/95 "It seems like the jury is on trial, not the Juice," dismissed juror Willie Cravin says.

447. "If I'm outspoken, I'm outspoken. Nobody is going to put me in a bag and shut me up and have me

111. O.J.'s book has a photograph of his son Jason wearing O.J.'s LAPD baseball cap, given to him by the force.

112. Ron Shipp, a former LAPD officer, often played tennis at O.J.'s estate

113. Against policy, he introduced 40 autograph-hungry cops to the star.

114. One of the security guards helping then-murder suspect O.J. elude photographers at Nicole's funeral was Sgt. Dennis Sebenik, an off-duty LAPD officer.

118. After the 1989 incident, Det. John Edwards allowed O.J. to go back inside his home, unaccompanied, to get dressed before being taken into custody.

119. Instead, O.J. jumped into his Bentley and fled the scene.

120. Prior to 1989, police responded to Nicole's calls at least seven times, yet O.J. was not arrested and no report was taken.

121. Black Police chief Willie Williams: "The idea that you could get detectives

breast implants, then worried that other men would look at her breasts. Her body was found with her breasts slashed.

123. Six days before the murders, Nicole discovered that a spare set of keys to her condo—including the security gate from the street—was missing.

124. On the flight to Chicago, O.J. got up to use the bathroom every 15 minutes.

125. Forensic expert Henry Lee, who disputed many of the prosecution's blood

F U H R M A N

859. When the trial is over Fuhrman will move to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, a few miles away from the Aryan Nation headquarters.

860. Hit photographer Dan McComb with a briefcase and threw him to the ground hours after the defense team raises its "rogue cop" theory.

861. Filed a \$50 million libel suit against the *New Yorker*, which reported that the defense strategy would paint him as a racist who planted evidence.

862. Fuhrman announced plans to sue the *Star* tabloid for suggesting a relationship between him and Nicole.

863. Dove books was preparing a book by Fuhrman titled "In Praise of Justice: Letters to Mark Fuhrman." The book was subsequently cancelled.

Fuhrman's Greatest Hits:

864. "I have this urge to kill people that upset me."

865. "I don't care. When I testify, I'll testify. I don't need to sit around chewing my fingernails."

866. "This is not a racial issue. This is about a guy that murdered someone. And he was sloppy. I did my job. It irritates the defense the most because I did it right."

867. When he discovered after their divorce that his wife had had an affair: "It's better I found out afterward. I would have killed both of them."

868. "Nigger drivin' a Porsche that doesn't look like he's got a \$300 suit on, you always stop him."

869. "Probable cause? You're God."

870. "Go to Wilshire. Wilshire Division is all niggers. All niggers, nigger training officers, niggers."

871. He said the ACLU should be bombed.

872. He would miss the "smell of niggers that have been beaten and killed in there for years" if they

shut the 77th St. Division.

873. "We got females...and dumb niggers, and all your Mexicans that can't even write the name of the car they drive."

874. "All these niggers in L.A. city government...all of 'em should be lined up against a wall and fucking shot."

875. "I used to go to work and practice movements. Niggers. They're easy. And I used to practice my kicks."

876. "Westwood is gone. The niggers have discovered it."

877. "How do you intellectualize when you punch the hell out of a nigger? He either deserves it or he doesn't."

878. "[A]nything out of a nigger's mouth for the first five or six sentences is a fucking lie."

879. When suspects speak Spanish, "slap them upside the head. Then they speak English. I'm an English teacher. Just like that."

880. And, finally: "If I had my way, I would take all the niggers, put them together in a big group, and burn them."



PBA poster boy Mark Fuhrman.

evidence, was at Kardashian's house with O.J. and A.C. the night before they made their escape.

126. The two women lawyers brought in to coach O.J. during mock trial sessions

told the Dream Team that O.J. would be no match for Clark on the stand.

127. On the day of the murders, O.J. phoned Playmate Traci Adell, whom he had never met, and told her about the end of his relationship with Nicole: "I've had enough. I've lived my life."

128. Adell said, "I think he knew that he would lose it if he didn't stop soon."

129. The night of the murders, O.J. left a message for Gretchen Stockdale, a former L.A. Raiders cheerleader: "Hey, Gretchen, sweetheart, it's Orenthal James, who is finally at a place in his life where he is, like, totally, totally

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go along. They want me to smile, grin and tap-dance. I'm not like that," Cravin adds.

448. 6/8/95 Autopsy photos of Goldman send one juror, gagging, from the courtroom.

449. 6/9/95 Pumping his hand up and down, Dr. L. tells the attentive jurors: "Take any knife...plunge it quickly (and) you could cause 15 wounds in a few seconds."

450. Kelberg adds quickly: "I assume the court will admonish everyone not to go home and do (that)."

451. 6/14/95 Shapiro's parents are in court to watch their son cross-examine the coroner.

452. 6/15/95 Darden asks O.J. to put on the gloves used to murder Nicole and Ron. Professional actor O.J. tugs the leather gloves on over latex surgical gloves and announces: "They're too tight!"

453. Cochran gloats, "As I was walking out of the court today all I could think was: The defense rests."

454. 6/16/95 Darden recalls glove expert Richard Rubin to testify that moisture had caused the extra-large gloves to shrink nearly a full size and lose much of their elasticity.

455. Ito releases sidebar transcripts from the previous day showing that Darden had initially wanted O.J. to try on a new pair of gloves identical to the bloody ones, but Cochran had objected. Ito had suggested that "it would be more appropriate" for Simpson to try on the bloody ones. Clark suggests that the only problem "is that he has to wear latex gloves underneath...and they're going to alter the fit."

456. 6/19/95 Bailey asks FBI shoe imprint expert William J. Bodziak to estimate the height of Carl Douglas by comparing the two attorneys as they stood side by side. "You've got raised heels on, so I don't know," the agent says to Bailey, drawing a low moan of surprise from the audience.

457. Bailey testily brushes off the insult, saying: "I hadn't asked you that."

458. Bailey suggests the possibility of two killers who had worn identical, \$160 Size 12 Italian shoes—of which only 299 pairs were sold in the U.S.

459. 6/20/95 Darden taunts: "Mr. Cochran, you've been mouthing off for the last 12 months. OK, Johnnie, these are baseless allegations of conspiracy and contamination and the like. Now is the time to put up or shut up."

460. Cochran responds: "You can tell Mr. Darden I accept his challenge. I'm not the one who's running scared."

461. 6/21/95 Attempting to recoup from the "glove incident," Darden has The Juice try on a brand new pair of gloves identical in size and style to the gloves used by the murderer.

462. Darden urges Ito not to allow O.J. to "jack around and play games for the jury" as he asserted O.J. had done the first time.

463. Cochran strenuously objects to Darden's language. Ito fines both \$250. Darden complains poverty, saying: "I am very short today, Your Honor." Ito lowers the fine to \$100.

464. The gloves fit O.J. without any problems.

465. 6/22/95 Darden accuses O.J. of intentionally not taking his anti-inflammation medication in order to confound the glove demonstration.

466. Cochran responds by accusing prosecutors of "being paranoid" but did not deny the charge.

467. 6/26/95 Ito confiscates books being read by



two jurors. The book is *The Rainmaker*, by John Grisham, which contains scathing passages about defense attorneys violating discovery rules and a running theme of domestic violence.

468. 6/27/95 Clark, in fear of another tough defense cross examination, gets the witnesses to admit to every little mistake possible, including counting seven hairs in one sample that turned out to be eight.

469. Cochran laughs: "Seven hairs, eight hairs, who cares?"

470. Ito submits a summary of the offending portions of the Grisham novel confiscated from the jurors. "Looks like a good book," Darden says.

471. 6/28/95 "I would like to finish this case sometime this lifetime," Ito moans.

472. 6/30/95 An LAPD detective's pager goes off in the courtroom, and Ito instructs a bailiff to confiscate it.

473. 7/5/95 Deedrick is not allowed to tell the jury that fibers found on the glove and the cap could only have come from a '93 or '94 Bronco.

474. Bailey suggests that all the fibers could have been left by LAPD uniforms, which are dark blue.

475. After one prosecution question, Bailey sits motionless until Cochran barks at him in a stage whisper: "Asked and answered." Bailey quickly rises and objects.

476. Bailey tries to outsmart Deedrick, suggesting that he the agent has been forced to devote unusual time and attention to the Simpson case. Deedrick quickly responds: "Not often do we have this many associations" between fibers and a defendant. Bailey crosses his arm and stands still for a moment, and

then moves on to another topic.

477. 7/7/95 In a shortened session, Cochran submits a motion that O.J. be dismissed because the prosecution had not presented enough evidence.

478. 7/10/95 O.J.'s wheelchair-bound mother testifies that Ron Shipp was "spaced."

479. O.J.'s sister testifies that Shipp was "high."

480. Cochran, who is questioning the witnesses, is Shipp's cousin.

481. The defense has a songwriter testify that at a party about a week before the murders, O.J. seemed happy and friendly and had "an exquisite romantic moment" with Paula Barbieri.

482. The defense also has an interior decorator testify that O.J. and Barbieri were planning on redecorating The Juice's home.

483. 7/11/95 Cochran comments on the speed with which his totally irrelevant witnesses are flying by: "I've already broken the record with six witnesses in a day, and we're going for eight today. We're moving this case."

484. 7/12/95 Darden questions Robert Heidstra, a neighbor of Nicole's, about a statement Heidstra had made to an acquaintance that one of the voices he heard in the alley behind Nicole's house the night of the murders was that of an older black man.

485. Cochran responds angrily: "I resent that statement. You can't tell by somebody's voice whether they sounded black....That's a racist statement."

486. Darden responds by suggesting that Cochran was accusing him of injecting race into the case. "That's what has created a lot of problems for my family and myself," Darden fumes, "statements that you make about me and race."

487. 7/17/95 Robert Huizenga, a doctor who treated O.J. in the days after the murders, testifies that O.J. was extremely distraught by the murders.

488. "The tack I took was to address his mental status problems and his insomnia and his difficulty handling this incredible, incredible stress that maybe no other human being short of Job has endured," Huizenga claims.

489. "If he had murdered two human beings, Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman, would that be the kind of thing that would cause a great weight to be on a man's shoulders?" Deputy Dist. Atty. Brain Kelberg then asks.

490. 7/18/95 Prosecutors play more of the Simpson workout tape, including O.J. joking about spousal abuse as he jabs with his fists: "I'm telling you. You just gotta get your space in if you're working out with the wife, if you know what I mean. You could always blame it on working out."

491. The jury watches O.J.'s wife-beat-

ing comments impassively, and only one juror, the white woman in the back row, seems to note the comment.

492. 7/21/95 Cochran promises to rest the defense case by the first week of August.

493. The defense discusses calling a dairy specialist to conduct meltdown rate tests on Ben & Jerry's ice

cream, a melting cup of which was found in Nicole's condo shortly after her body was found.

494. 7/24/95 Defense expert Frederic Rieders claims that the blood found on Simpson's sock could not have come from a bleeding person due to the levels of EDTA and could have come from a police test tube of the blood.

495. On cross examination by Clark, Rieders admits he was surprised

to learn that an FBI agent had tested his own blood and found similar traces of the preservative.

496. 7/25/95 Defense atty. Blasier challenges FBI agent Roger Martz to compute the area of a circle.

497. FBI expert Martz admits that he can't do it since he hasn't performed the calculation since high school.

498. 8/1/95 Darden playfully snatches from Clark a white baseball cap, a gift from an admirer, with the logo: "Marcia Clark, Lady Shark."

499. Clark, joking about false tabloid reports romantically linking her and Darden, grabs the cap back and comments: "That's it. We're breaking up."

500. 8/2/95 Ito spends his 45th birthday in a nasty mood, threatening to eject members of the audience for laughing, barking at a man who entered the courtroom too loudly.

501. 8/3/95 Controversy swirls as a result of Ito's acceptance of Katie Couric's gift of a \$75 birthday cake. The cake arrived at the same time Ito was considering whether to make KNBC's Tracie Savage reveal her sources. KNBC is owned by NBC, which broadcasts Couric's 'Today Show.'

502. 8/8/95 Tourtelot claims that he doesn't think there is anything on the tapes that would make Fuhrman take the 5th Amendment if called back to the stand: "I don't think Mark has any need to do that. These comments were made as part of a story conference for a fictional screenplay. They're not Mark speaking as himself."

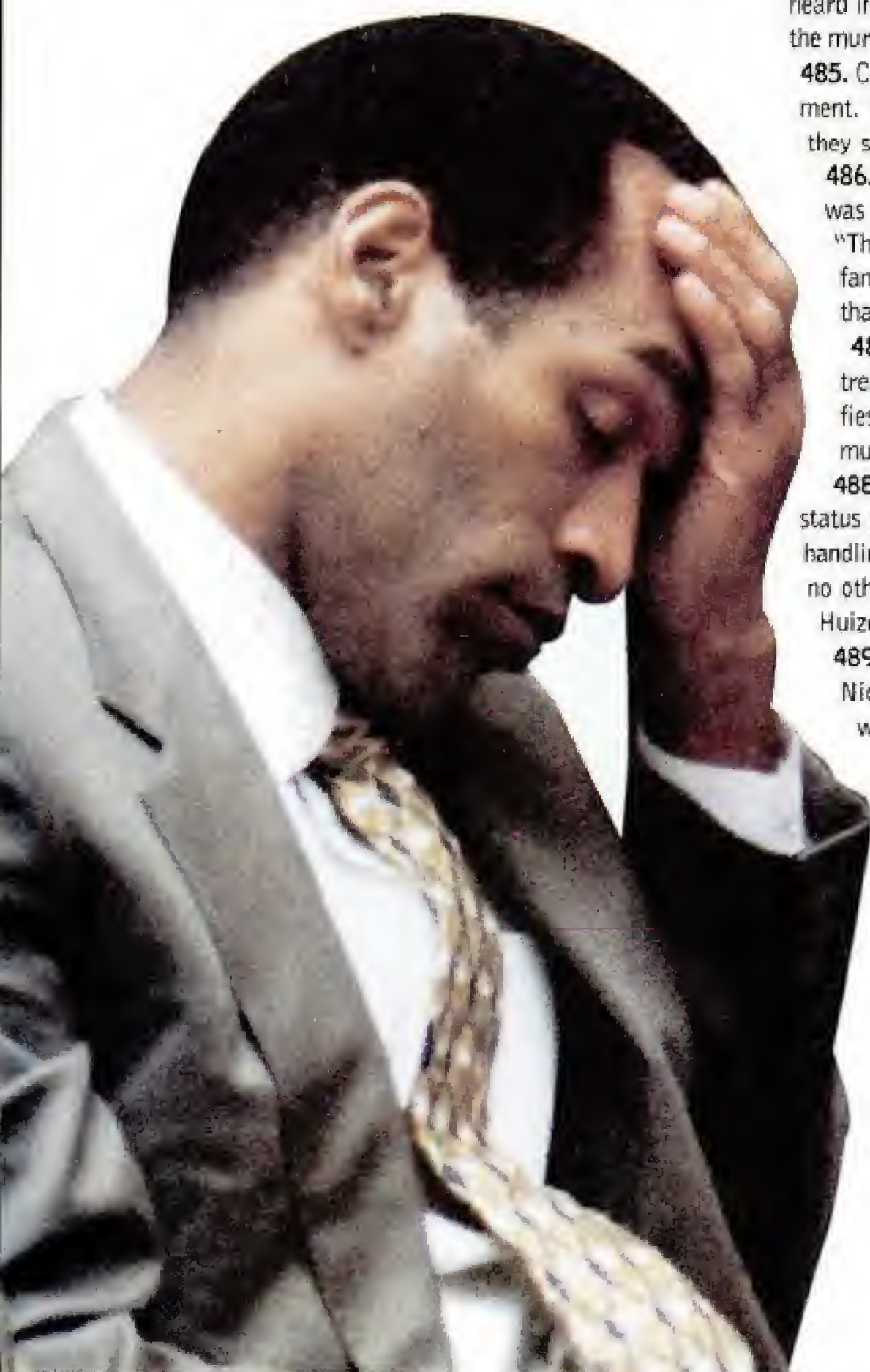
503. 8/10/95 Dr. Michael Baden, a former NY medical examiner who bills \$1,500 a day, testifies: "It's possible that it happened by a bushy-haired stranger who is right-handed from behind, yes," Baden says forcefully, smiling and rocking in his chair. "But it's also equally consistent with a baldheaded midget from the front who is left-handed."

504. 8/14/95 After hours of Clark's verbal harassment, Rieders claims that another expert had complained of being "pestered by the prosecution from hell to breakfast."

505. 8/15/95 The introduction of the Fuhrman tapes throws the trial into chaos.



Marcia Clark: the sassiest shyster.



unattached with everybody. Hah! Haah!"

130. Four days before the murders, O.J. rented a pay-per-view porn film called *The Genesis Chamber*, in which a blond woman is raped at knifepoint.

131. Less than two weeks before the murders, Navy SEALs taught O.J. the "Silent Kill" knife attack technique for his TV pilot *Frogman*.

132. In the weeks before the murders, O.J. still referred to Nicole as "my wife."

133. An LA drug dealer came forward and testified under polygraph that he had sold O.J. and Kato \$100 worth of crystal meth—a drug with notoriously violent side effects—shortly before the murders occurred, which they snorted in O.J.'s Bentley in a Burger King parking lot.

134. At first, Kato refused to tell his friends what he knew, saying, "It's too big."

135. When O.J. visited the crime scene to identify Nicole's body, officers reported he was cool and calm.

136. O.J. never asked the police how,

DEFENSE HYPOCRISY

881. After detective Lange admitted he was human and makes mistakes, Cochran sneered, "Sure do." When the defense's failed to promptly turn over material related to Rosa Lopez to the court, Gerald Uelmen shrugged: "We screwed up. We admit that. We apologize for that. The only explanation we can make is that we are human."

882. In 1990, Simpson investigator/paid flunkie (then Detective) Bill Pavelic criticized the LA county DA's office for cutting back the number of cases it was filing. "Nobody cares about the victims anymore."

883. Shapiro showed up for the Fuhrman cross-examination wearing a police pin on his lapel.

884. Cochran on evidence; "I started off indicating that I thought this case would be a case that we would establish a rush to judgement by the prosecution and they have theory and speculation and we would have the facts."

885. Cochran on the prosecution's successful bid to preclude an expert witness on the smearing of socks, because the witness had not performed any confirmatory testing. "[The prosecutors] sure do want to hide a lot of things."

886. Cochran objected to Darden's calling de-

fense witness Cathy Randa—O.J.'s longtime personal assistant—a drunk: "'Well, your honor, terms like 'drunk.' We don't appreciate that. It's different in how we take the high road. This is just character assassination of people time and time again."

887. The defense motion requesting the prosecution not delve into loony DNA expert Kary Mullis' past: "Since the time of Plato, scholars have recognized that one cannot judge the merits of an argument based on the character and lifestyle of the person advancing the argument."

888. Cochran accused FBI hair and fiber expert Deedrick of "concealment and guile" and the prosecutors of "sanctimonious, pious posturing."

889. Cochran complained that the defense team lacked the resources of the district attorney's office. If prosecutors ever join the private sector, he said, they will discover the hardships defense lawyers endure. Prosecution lawyers make \$45 an hour, while defense lawyers make \$650 or \$700 an hour.

890 Cochran calls the prosecution's introduction of O.J.'s wife beating into testimony a "clear and orchestrated attempt to influence public opinion."

891 Cochran on race: "Race plays a part in everything in America. We don't make it an issue, but society makes it an issue."

892 After losing juror Willie Cravin, the defense attorneys asked for a hearing on their claim that the D.A.'s office is targeting African American jurors for removal, despite the fact that the number of blacks on the jury had risen throughout the trial.



The Official Court Transvestite.

FASHION FAUX PAS

893. Cochran's hand-tailored cream, purple, periwinkle and lavender suits cost up to \$2,000.

894. Off-duty, Cochran has been seen wearing a black velour warm-up suit.

895. During opening statements Marcia Clark wore a blouse with a bow to lessen the severity of her demeanor.

896. Dismissed juror Michael Knox frequently wore a tomato-red gabardine suit with red shoes and a red tie.

897. Prosecution witness Candace Garvey gained less attention for her testimony than for the headband she wore on the stand.

898. Like any self-respecting fashionplate, she coyly dismissed the allocades with the time-honored What-This-Old-Thing demurrer: "I can't believe how many people have called me about that headband. That headband is as old as the hills. It was the first one I grabbed out of the top of my drawer."

899. O.J.'s daughter Arnelle joined her grandmother and aunt in wearing bring-our-man-home yellow on the witness stand.

900. Barry Scheck wore the same tie many days in a row.

901. Defense witness Carol Connors wore a garment designed as a keyboard.

902. O.J. wore a white cardigan to the jury selection sessions.

903. Scott Hill, buyer at Ron Ross, who has helped Robert Shapiro pick out suits: "[Shapiro] has the most eclectic mishmash of suits, shirts and ties that I've ever seen.... He's a great guy. But he always bought the worst suit left on the rack after it had been marked down 75%."

904. As a protest against Mark Fuhrman's taking the Fifth Amendment, the entire defense team—except Uelmen—wore Ghanaian neckties.

where, or when Nicole had been killed when they called him.

137. At the funeral, Nicole's mother asked if O.J. had anything to do with the murders. He responded: "Oh! Oh! Oh! Judi, I loved her. I loved her too much."

138. As she lay in the casket, O.J. pulled up Nicole's dress and pulled down her collar to look at the wounds.

139. As the casket was lowered into the ground, a woman next to O.J. moaned. O.J. whispered to her, "Shit happens."

140. Another woman alleges that O.J. was trying to hit on her at the funeral.

141. The defense contends there was a massive struggle, but Nicole's children slept through the murders.

142. O.J. on giving the police a fake name when arrested as a youth: "I was really putting one over, a teenage black kid fooling the Establishment."

M E R C H A N D I S I N G

905. After a jury field trip to a California Pizza Kitchen, 13 jurors appeared in court the next day wearing California Pizza Kitchen T-Shirts bearing the mantra, **FOURTEEN ETHNICALLY DIVERSE CULTURES PEACEFULLY COEXISTING ON A THIN, DELICIOUS CRUST.**

906. Carnival Cruise Lines offered a one-time-only "O.J. Trial of the Century Cruise" from L.A. to Baja, Mexico, featuring panel discussions, legal experts, games and trivia contests, all devoted to the O.J. trial.

907. One of the hottest items at the silent auction preceding Barbara and Marvin Davis' Carousel of Hope Ball was lunch with Robert Shapiro after the trial—it went for \$2,000.

908. Wristwatches were manufactured with O.J.'s picture on the face and a police car on one hand and a Bronco on the other.

909. Because the defense team as well as the prosecution are sitting on The Leather Center's BodyBilt model chair, the company has taken the chairs on a nationwide promotional tour.

910. Playboy, which originally distributed "O.J. Simpson: Minimum Maintenance for Men", did not want to look like they were capitalizing on the murders, made a deal with the less shameful All Work Enterprises who re-released the tapes, complete with outtakes.

911. Sony has inadvertently gotten optimum product placement at the trial: a Sony monitor sits in view of the court cameras when witnesses testify.

912. By february, 95, prices of "Canned Juice" t-shirts, complete with O.J.'s jailhouse photo had dropped 40% to \$6.00. Charles Manson t-shirts continued to sell strongly.

913. In one sentence during an interview on the Today Show, Alan Dershowitz managed to praise Simpson, plug his current book, "The Abuse Excuse," and drop the name of his previous book, "Chutzpah."

914. Some of the items for sale outside the L.A. courthouse: "Free the Juice" T-shirts, "No sidebar" buttons, orange scented "O.J." air

fresheners, Judge Ito Jell-O molds, chocolate "Camp O.J." suckers, bank checks bearing images of Simpson in three poses, wristwatches with little police cars chasing a Bronco around a clock face, and a limited edition, non-negotiable O.J. Simpson defense attorney "credit card" with a limit of \$25 million.

915. The best-selling Halloween costume of 1994 was an O.J. Simpson mask.

916. O.J. trading cards include a Ron Goldman card which features his drivers' license photo.

917. O.J. signed a group of 300 football trading cards while in jail, and they sold for around \$1,000 each.

918. Courtroom artist David Rose offered drawings he made at the Simpson hearings for \$2,000 a piece.

919. L.A. cookie maker Pam Whittle has been besieged with orders for cookies shaped like white Ford Broncos and black gloves. Whittle, who once did a Heidi Fleiss cookie, commented: "This is a strange business."

E X T R A — O . J .

920. Three weeks before the murders, O.J. played golf with President Clinton.

921. Visited in jail by Billy Graham.

922. When his 23-month old daughter died in a pool accident, he ran through the hospital screaming, "[Marguerite] murdered my child!"

923. Carried on a long-term affair with *America's Funniest People* host Tawny Kitaen.

924. Model Cheryl Lynn told the *Enquirer* that O.J. tried to make her his "sex slave" by bribing her with an apartment, a car, and cash.

925. "All you have to do," he told her, "Is make sure you're available to me when I want you."

926. Made the same proposal to model Rosie Garvin. "Don't worry, you'll still be able to fly back and see your husband from time to time."

927. In prison, O.J. told *Playboy* playmate Heidi Mark, "Wait for me until I get out, because I love you."

928. O.J. started every day in prison by choosing from 25 neckties that were brought to him in a brown paper bag by prison guards.

929. Continues to hold equity in the HoneyBaked Ham company.

930. Two weeks after Nicole's murder, O.J. was still on the board of directors of the company that imports the Swiss Army knife.

931. A friend of Nicole's said that O.J.'s children "don't know O.J.'s in jail. They think their dad is away helping police [find the murderer]."

932. Jose Menendez had been an executive at Hertz when O.J. was the spokesman.

933. Allegedly, Lyle and Erik Menendez were such big fans that Jose and Kitty invited O.J. to dinner, and everyone hit it off.

934. His prison wing is known as "Celebrity Row," once housing Kelsey Grammer, Sean Penn, and Christian Brando.

935. Originally cast as *The Terminator*, but, said Orion Pictures exec Mike Medavoy, "People

wouldn't have believed a nice guy like O.J. playing the part of a ruthless killer."

936. After beating her, O.J. wooed Nicole back by promising to void their prenuptial agreement "if I ever willfully inflict physical injury on you hereafter."

937. When his kids would stay with him after the divorce, he would fob them off on the maid while he entertained women.

938. He also cut his children's visits short, returning them just hours after their arrival.

939. He can petition to regain custody of them.

940. Lawyers applied for a trademark on his name.

941. He stands to make millions in the venture.

942. Possible items include O.J. gloves and shoes.

943. In Sept. 94, O.J. joked that he planned to be on the beach in Baja within a few months.

944. Couldn't have Xmas decorations in his cell.

945. But ordered 500 gift baskets of Mrs. Beasley's cookies to be delivered to his friends.

946. Requested special dishes from the jail chef.

NBS Charitable Foundation Donors:

947. Geraldo gave \$10,000.

948. No Excuses jeans gave \$50,000.

949. Bob Guccione gave \$10,000 (as well as \$1 million worth of free advertising in his magazines.)

950. The parent co. of the *Enquirer* gave \$5,000.

The most ironic quotes from O.J.'s book:

951. "I don't believe any good can come out of deceit."

952. "I have not had a hug in...months."

953. "Nicole always used to always say to me even after we split, 'I love you.'"

954. "I don't believe in the legal system anymore."

955. "Our justice system has gotten to the point where all that matters is winning."

956. "My own lawyers are part of the system."

957. "I want justice."

958. "Can there be any real justice?"

959. "I'll be found innocent."

960. "But the press will never leave me alone."

143. Kardashian picked O.J. up at the airport and drove him home the day after the murders.

144. Several pieces of O.J.'s luggage ended up at Kardashian's home.

145. Later they re-emerged, empty, inside O.J.'s closet.

146. Kardashian was not an active-status lawyer at the time of the murders, but he paid the fees to reinstate his active status.

147. By activating his status and becoming a member of the Dream Team, Kardashians sought to dodge testifying on the grounds of attorney-client privilege.

148. O.J. took his golf clubs to Chicago, left them in the trunk of a Hertz employee's car, then requested the clubs be flown to L.A. immediately.

149. Rather than send someone to get the clubs, he and Kardashian went to the airport to retrieve them.

150. If the knife had been in the golf bag, it wouldn't have set off the airport metal detector.

151. When police tried to get documents regarding O.J.'s wife-beating from his office, he was blocked by one of the defense and a court-appointed master who was supervising the search of the office.

152. When the officer returned three weeks later, O.J.'s personal assistant, Cathy Randa, had shredded them.

153. Robert Shapiro claimed they were merely "pamphlets" and "brochures."

JASON SIMPSON

961. O.J.'s son allegedly tried to strangle his girlfriend two months before the murders.

ARNELLE SIMPSON

962. O.J.'s daughter lambasted the Browns after they allowed Life magazine to photograph Justin and Sydney: "My dad doesn't appreciate your exploiting Sydney and Justin. You're ruining their lives with all the publicity!"

JILL SHIVELY

963. Witness who told the grand jury that she had seen O.J. fleeing the crime scene was never called because she lied when she told the prosecution that she had not received money for telling her story to a tabloid.

DENISE BROWN

964. When the murders first occurred she publicly denied that Nicole had been battered:

965. Stated: "If she was beaten up, she wouldn't have stayed with him."

966. During the trial was spotted in an airport in Boston embracing mob-goon-turned-informant Anthony "The Animal" Fiato.

ROSA LOPEZ

967. After a weeping Rosa told the court that her daughter told her "If I came to testify, she didn't want me in her home," the court was deluged with job offers for the perjurer, as well as offers of food, cars and other gifts.

968. Having promised repeatedly she would remain in LA, fled to the safety of her native El Salvador

969. Yelled at reporters who swarmed around her house: "Get away from my house! I'm coming here tired of the courts. I'm coming here tired of so much injustice. Don't bother me. I don't want to see you," then added an odd-sounding curse directed at the reporters' mothers.

970. Shortly after insulting the press, she calls a press conference in her home town of Sensuntepeque.

971. "I have worked with much honor," she told the crowd.

972. Rumored to be engaged to a 28-year-old ventriloquist

from Baltimore, who saw her testify on TV, followed her to El Salvador, where they met and fell in love.

MARY ANNE GERCHAS

973. Potential star witness for the defense arrested for making fraudulent statements on a credit application to buy a car.

974. In his opening statements, Cochran had boasted that Gerchas would testify that she had seen four men—none of them O.J.—near the murder scene on the night of the killings.

975. 34 civil cases have been filed against Gerchas in recent years.

976. Has passed over \$10,000 in bad checks.

ROBERT KAR-DASHIAN

977. His ex-wife, Kris, is now married to Bruce Jenner.

978. His ex-fiancee, Denise Halicki, has been spotted in Hollywood holding hands with Lee Iacocca.

979. On O.J.'s incarceration: "It makes me sick every time I go down there. We can't have any contact. I want to hug him, I want to show him I care. But it's very difficult."

957. Asked the LAPD for protection after receiving kidnapping threats.

980. O.J. "best friend" on Faye Resnick's book: "I'm glad I'm not her best friend."

KEITH ZLOMSOWITCH

981. Told the grand jury that O.J. spied on he and Nicole as she gave him a blow job on her couch.

982. Claims three separate incidents in which O.J. stalked Nicole.

FAYE RESNICK

983. Her book "Nicole Brown Simpson: The Private Diary of a Life Interrupted" unseated the Pope's book at the top of the bestseller list. Among the many claims her book makes:

984. According to her book, her house is deco-

rated in gold-leaf and black, zebra skins, and black and gold Roman and Egyptian chairs, a black and gold bedroom, and a black and gold bed.

985. Claims her stepfather regularly beat her as a child for wetting her bed.

986. The one-time freebase coke addict on drugs: "I had a cocaine problem. But anyone

who takes crack is out of their minds. It is a vicious street drug and they should seek help."

987. Her co-author, Mike Walker told a press conference that part of the proceeds of their book would go to O.J. and Nicole's college fund.

988. Dubious charity cofounder Denise Brown on the professed char-

ity of Walker & Resnick's: "That is a lie. We don't know anything about that."

989. Lou Brown, Nicole Brown Simpson's father, on Faye's book: "T-R-A-S-H."

PAULA BARBIERI

990. *Vogue* and *Victoria's Secret* model.

991. Collagen injected lips to make her look more like Julia Roberts for O.J..

992. The white Bronco Simpson bought her prior to the murders was stolen.

993. Police recovered the vehicle and found inside a notebook containing a log of Nicole's daily routine.

994. Was hanging out with Michael Bolton on the night of the murders.

995. Didn't visit O.J. in prison until August 23.

996. Her visit just happened to coincide with the date her *Playboy* photo spread was hitting the stands and when she had just finished her movie project, *The Dangerous*, in which she plays a battered mistress.

997. O.J.'s son Jason kicked Barbieri out of O.J.'s mansion, where she had been living since O.J.'s incarceration, after he found her there with two men.

998. Romantically linked to producer Jon Peters.

999. Reported to be worried that O.J. will stalk her if he gets out of jail.

1,000. O.J. once suggested they have 3-way sex with Al Cowlings.

1,001. Friends estimate that O.J. gave Paula over \$80,000 worth of gifts in their 2 year relationship prior to the murders.



Kato the akita, named for his less-intelligent human counterpart.



506. "Just when you thought we couldn't have anything crazier happen," says Ito.

507. Fuhrman calls Ito's wife, Police Capt. Margaret York, a "fat slob" who "sucked her way to the top."

508. Ito nearly weeps as he announces that he might have to recuse himself from the Fuhrman tape decision and possibly the case. "I love my wife dearly, and I am wounded by criticism of her."

509. The Dream Team reacts with ill-concealed glee to the Fuhrman revelation. "This is a blockbuster!" gloats Johnnie Cochran. "This is a bombshell! This is perhaps the biggest thing that's happened in any case in this country in this decade, and they (prosecutors) know it. They've got to face up to it."

510. Clark: "I'm not saying that Mark Fuhrman should be painted as a god or hero," she said. "But he's no critical witness."

511. Fuhrman on July 28, 1994: "I am the key witness in the trial of the century. If I go down, their case goes bye-bye."

512. Cochran adds, "That's what (prosecutors are) faced with, bye-bye."

513. Ito sends the decision on how much, if any, of the Fuhrman tapes to admit into evidence to another judge due to a possible conflict of interest. "I suppose I won't get a Christmas card from the judge who gets this case," he adds ruefully.

514. The Fuhrman tape decision is sent to Superior Court Judge James Bascue to assign to another judge. While six of O.J.'s lawyers gather closely together, Bascue quips, "It looks like a huddle, doesn't it, Mr. Simpson?" "Yeah," O.J. replies, "But I don't get to play." Bascue slyly concludes, "Not yet."

515. Judge Bascue names Judge John Reid to decide the admissibility of the Fuhrman tapes. When Cochran pleads with the judge for one last chance to speak, Reid counters, "Mr. Cochran, have you ever said just one more thing?"

516. When Marcia Clark says she would be "sad" if Reid had to waste hours reviewing the Fuhrman tapes, he chuckles wryly: "Oh, don't shed a tear for me. I think I'll be able to handle it."

517. Clark requests that Ito be removed from the case altogether due to conflict of interest.

518. 8/16/95 The prosecution pulls an about-face and drops its bid to have Ito replaced.

519. Fuhrman's lawyer, Robert Tourtelot, insists that his client did not lie on the witness stand and doesn't need to worry about being called back to testify. "At this point, I don't believe that (Fuhrman) has any reason for concern," Tourtelot fantasizes. "Based on what he has told me, all of this was conferences for a screenplay. That's all."

520. 8/17/95 Fingerprint expert Gilbert Aguilar tells Cochran that numerous sets of fingerprints at the crime scene could not be matched with any known sample, including O.J.'s

521. Darden asks Aguilar: "You wouldn't expect a person wearing leather gloves to leave any fingerprints, would you?"

522. Anthony Pellicano, an investigator employed by Fuhrman, tells reporters that the detective suffered "a mental block" when he denied under oath that he had used a racial epithet in the past decade. "I mean, when someone asks you a question like that, sometimes you don't — you block out everything except what you think you hear," claims Pellicano. "That's what happened."

523. 8/18/95 Defense investigator Pat McKenna

role playing, calls his client's comments reprehensible.

535. Rumors circulate that the prosecution has spy satellite photos of O.J.'s house at the time of the murders, and there is no Bronco parked there.

536. 8/31/95 After Ito's decision to bar all but two of Fuhrman's racial slurs from testimony, Cochran accuses Ito of being part of a police conspiracy to frame O.J.

537. 9/1/95 When Darden complains that Ito is "jamming" (rushing) the prosecution, Ito replies, "You're being jammed because I got a jury who's going nuts."

538. Ito on the jurors seasickness on a trip to Catalina Island: "The jury, I'm told are not happy campers. Apparently, they came back from Catalina barking at the seals."

539. Robert Tourtelot, Fuhrman's lawyer declared his disgust with Fuhrman and quit citing reasons that are "personal but no doubt obvious."

540. 9/4/95 Before testimony began, a woman carrying a manila envelope ran to the bench and screamed: "I have a message to you from God:



"Where did he hide the knife?" wonder Cochran and Shapiro.

brusquely rejects Garcetti's claim that it was prosecutors who first learned of the Fuhrman tapes, saying "That's b.s. He couldn't find a Mick in Dublin."

524. 8/21/95 O.J.'s team of more than twelve lawyers submit legal requests for the admissibility of the Fuhrman tapes that are so sloppy that Ito refuses to consider them.

525. "Given the fact that there are more than a dozen attorneys working for the defense," Ito admonishes, "it is not too much to ask that there be some basic correlation between the quoted proffer, the reported transcript and the audio tapes. The proffer is incoherent. It will not be further considered by this court in its current form."

526. 8/22/95 Prosecutor Hank Goldberg calls the defense "meshuga."

527. Sheck leaps to his feet and insists the pronunciation is "meshugana."

528. Ito agrees with Sheck.

529. According to the Random House Dictionary of the English Language, both are correct.

530. While introducing Lee, Barry Scheck mistakenly describes one of Lee's awards as recognition for his work as a "distinguished criminal."

531. 8/23/95 Lee proceeds to demonstrate the art of blood-pattern analysis by spattering red ink on sheets of white paper.

532. 8/25/95 Ito welcomes the jury into court by announcing "a dubious record" — they have been sequestered for 228 days, longer than any trial sequestration in the history of California.

533. 8/29/95 Ito airs the Fuhrman tapes in open court, but without the jury present.

534. Even Fuhrman's private investigator, Anthony Pellicano, who had long asserted that Fuhrman was just

God wants you to play the tapes!"

541. After her damning testimony against Mark Fuhrman, hearsay witness Kathleen Bell tells people in the hallway that she thinks O.J. is "guilty in a big way."

542. 9/6/95 Fuhrman pleads the Fifth on all questions asked by the defense.

543. Cochran crows that Fuhrman's perjury proved O.J. innocent: "What more does anyone need out there?"

544. Darden attacks Laura Hart McKinny's character, calling her a soft-core pornographer and a bigot herself.

545. Darden hints that McKinny and Fuhrman were romantically involved.

546. 9/7/95 Ito denies a defense request to introduce allegations that Fuhrman had painted a swastika on a colleague's locker and that he had commented on Nicole's "boob job."

547. 9/11/95 Cochran threatens to call a "startling" new defense witness: an ex-FBI agent who testified in the World Trade Center Bombing case that he had been forced to doctor evidence. He has no connection to the Simpson case whatsoever.

548. 9/19/95 Defense calls their last two witnesses, mob rats Larry (Larry Rome) Fiato and Anthony (Tony the Animal) Fiato, whom Shapiro asks about an alleged affair with Denise Brown.

549. 9/20/95 After yet another argument, Ito tells the lawyers: "The jurors are snickering at you. They think this is all pretty silly on your part."

550. Ito storms off the bench: "It's astonishing what we have sunk to here."

Sources: *Los Angeles Times*, *New York Times*, *New York Post*, *Vanity Fair*, *The New Yorker*, *People*, *The National Enquirer*.

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Linda Fiorentino - \$45
Laurence Fishburne - \$45
Carrie Fisher - \$35
Bridget Fonda - \$75
Harrison Ford - \$150
Jodie Foster - \$150
Andy Garcia - \$50
Richard Gere - \$75
Mel Gibson - \$110
Hugh Grant - \$50
Mark Hamill - \$45
Linda Hamilton - \$45
Tom Hanks - \$75
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The Whole Gay Question

INTERVIEWERS OF LATE HAVE BEEN grappling rather awkwardly with the subject of sexual orientation. Here's a suggestion for them: If you really want to know whether a male celebrity is gay, why not start by asking him about it. To begin with, when Michael Shnayerson

interviewed Keanu Reeves for the August issue of *Vanity Fair*, he clearly did *not* want to know anything about the *Speed* star's sexual identity. And clearly he did not ask. He was, however, quite mindful of being hip to the rumor of an alleged marriage between Keanu and David Geffen. So he forced himself to include in his article a short section—not about Keanu's sexuality—but about the “speculation about Keanu's sexuality.”

“So, about this Geffen business,” Shnayerson grilled.

To which Keanu replied, “I’ve never met the man.”

And that was pretty much the end of that. It is safe to assume, after all, that if Reeves and Geffen never met, they probably were not, in fact, married. But just because Keanu didn't marry David Geffen doesn't mean he isn't gay. (If you were gay, would *you* marry David Geffen?)

Not to be denied the answer to a question he never asked, however, Shnayerson persisted: “Wouldn't it be useful to shoot the rumors down cold?”

To which Keanu more or less responded, “No, it would not be useful.”

Never mind. *Out* magazine was featuring Keanu at almost the same time, and if any interviewer was going ask the question, surely he or she would be from a “gay” publication.

Well, not exactly. Before *Out*'s Tim Allis got around to quoting from his “exclusive” interview with Reeves, he explained that Keanu has “caught the eye of gay men,” “captured the imagination of women and men alike,” and, later, “appeal[ed] to gay people as well as straight.” Which, one supposes, is not

braces gay fans, we have to wonder: does gay mean anything to Reeves? [And what does *that* mean?] Does he have any use for the words ‘straight,’ ‘gay,’ ‘bisexual’? Are these ideas—realities—he respects?”

Reeves: *Yeah I do. I do indeed—I guess. I mean, it seems to be sometimes a battleground for people; it seems to be some people's lives some-times. And it is and it isn't...*

“...What would be the best thing about being straight, aside from the sex?”

Straight? I guess I can't even look at it like that. You mean what would I say to someone who's gay about what's the best thing about being straight?

“Right.”

But wouldn't whatever that thing is be the best thing for being gay as well?...

Note Allis's use of the phrase “would be”—as in, “What would be the best thing about being straight, *if you were straight?*” Does he know something we don't? Also, wouldn't it have been much simpler for Keanu to respond by saying: a) “Do you mean, what *is* the best thing about being straight?” or b) “I *am* straight?”

According to *Out*'s cover and feature headline, Keanu was supposed to “set the record straight.” But thanks to their ask-without-asking interviewer, we still don't know if he is gay (or straight, or bisexual). All we know is that he probably has use for the word (or idea, or reality), and that both he and Allis have a firm grasp of the conditional tense.



useless information; at least we know that some of Keanu's fans are gay.

BUT THAT'S ABOUT as far as we get, because, speaking of fans, the rest of Allis's interview reads like a '90s version of “Who's On First?”:

Allis: “So even as he willingly em-

If asking "Are you gay?" is too difficult, perhaps writers should dispense with sexuality questions altogether. Turns out you really don't even need them, if all you want to do is perpetuate the uncertainty about so-and-so's orientation. Try emulating, for example, Michael Gross's profile of Richard Gere in the July issue of *Esquire*.

Describing Gere as "a little bit Brando, a little bit Dean, a whiff of Clift" (whom he cleverly places in order of increasing gayness), Gross tells us that, in spite of Gere's "homosexual twinges," he is, in fact, "aggressively heterosexual." But then he goes on to regurgitate pages of little gay facts intermingled with little straight facts: Gere's summer-stock job in Provincetown (where he slept with a woman); his apartment flanked by gay bars near the Hudson River (which he shared with a woman); his many gay roles (which fostered an image—not a reality—of "sexual ambiguity"); and the "rumors of his secret gay life" (which he won't deny, though his friends will).

Gross interviews Gere, but never asks him if he's gay. He does, however, quote someone *else* who's asked him if he's gay, to which Gere's only response, for some reason, was unzipping his pants. He also quotes an anonymous source (whom he names "Hermes"), in addition to Gere's close friend, photographer Herb Ritts (who is gay), and his agent Ed Limato (who is also gay).

NONE OF THIS REALLY means anything, of course—other than the possibility that Gross *and* Gere are trying to confuse the hell out of us. In that case, readers might go back to *Vanity Fair*, where Gere was featured last January.

Alas, nothing from *VF*'s Leslie Bennetts, either. More talk about the actor's sexual ambiguity, more mentions of "the long-standing rumor," and more comments from Herb Ritts.

"Gere refuses to answer on the record whether he's gay," Bennetts writes. But did she ever *ask* him to answer on the record? How about off the record? For all this talk about "the record," nobody is really *asking anyone anything*.

To be fair, the actor's statements here are just as ambiguous as the writer's:

"Cosmically, there's nothing wrong with being heterosexual, homosexual, or omnisexual [!]," Gere says. "The accusation is meaningless, and whether it's true or false is no one's business. I know who I am. What difference does it make what anyone thinks..."

So. There's nothing wrong with being gay (*but is he?*), and if he is it's nobody's business. Anyway, since he knows who he is (*gay?*), it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks (*maybe he's gay*). Doesn't matter at all, in fact, since the "accusation" (*that he's gay*) is meaningless.

"If you start to take a defensive mode," Gere insisted, "and say, 'No, I'm not,' it gives credence to the idea that there's something wrong with it..."

This particular response—not wanting to say you're not gay because of what *that* would say about people who are—is becoming ubiquitous. "[T]here's nothing wrong with being gay, so to deny it is to make a judgment," says Keanu. "I don't think [being gay] is an indictment," a slightly more irked Tom Cruise told Kevin Sessums in *Vanity Fair* last fall.

Of course, Cruise, like Reeves, cannot be blamed for ducking a question he was never asked. It was Sessums who concluded that "Why do you think people keep whispering about your being gay?" and "Do you think an actor can be open about his homosexuality and still be as giant a movie star as you are?" would leave Cruise with no choice but to tell us whether he is gay. Or perhaps Sessums, like Shnayerson, never really wanted to know: statements such as "rumors involve the possibility that he is a closeted homosexual" (rumors *are* that he *is* a closeted homosexual) don't exactly indicate a strong desire to force the issue.

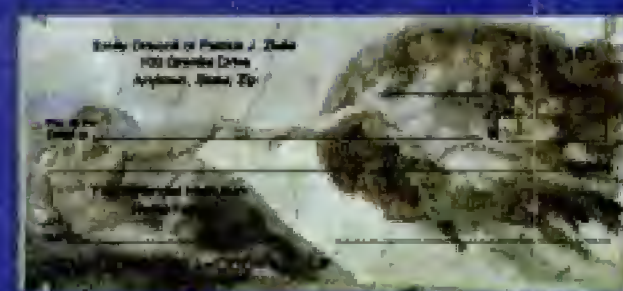
On the other hand, it was Cruise who responded to an unrelated question by saying, "[L]ook at all the stuff I've heard about myself: that I'm a misogynist. I'm a homosexual. I'm brainless. How can I be all of these things?"

Talk about ambiguous. In the first place, a person *most certainly can* be all of those things. And second, if he isn't all of those things, which one—or two—is he?

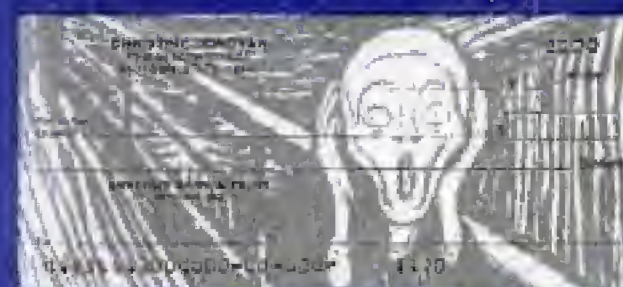
Oh great. Now somebody's gotta ask Cruise if he's a *brainless* homosexual.

—Michael Applebaum

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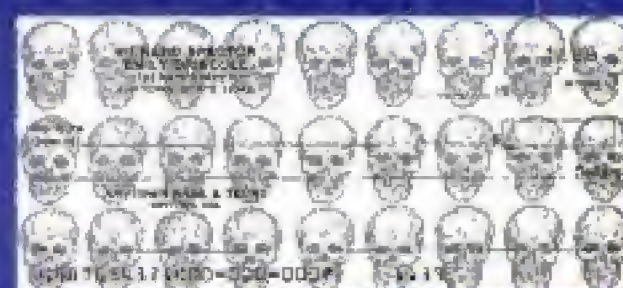
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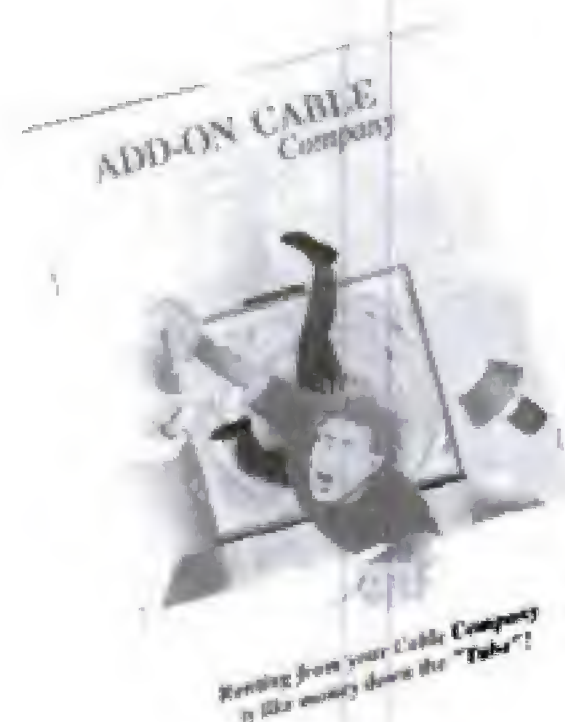
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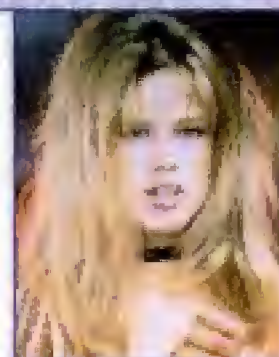
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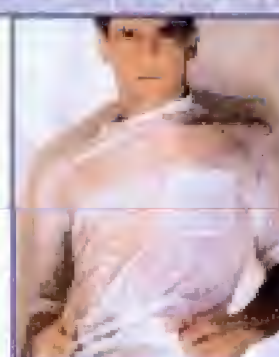
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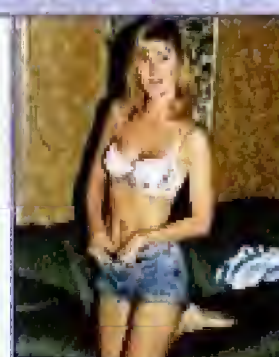
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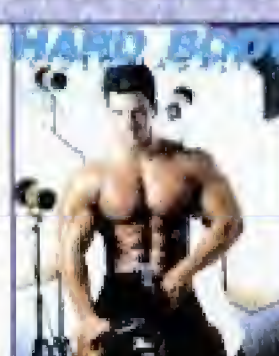
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Party Poop



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Celebrities have their own way of mourning when one of their kind passes. Marking the occasion of Jerry Garcia's death are, from left to right: Martha Stewart (who inexplicably removed her shirt in public) and Mort Zuckerman (who thankfully didn't); an apparently stoned Sen. Al D'Amato, who tried to crash his way into the opening of the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame and was made to stand behind the ropes with the rest of the press hounds; and Ron Wood, who per-

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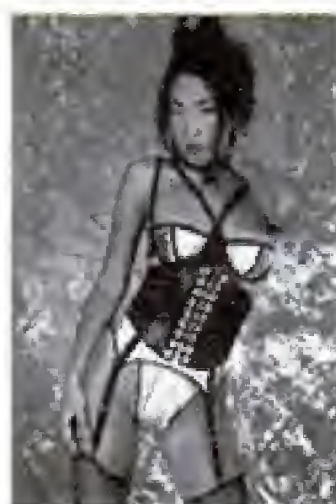
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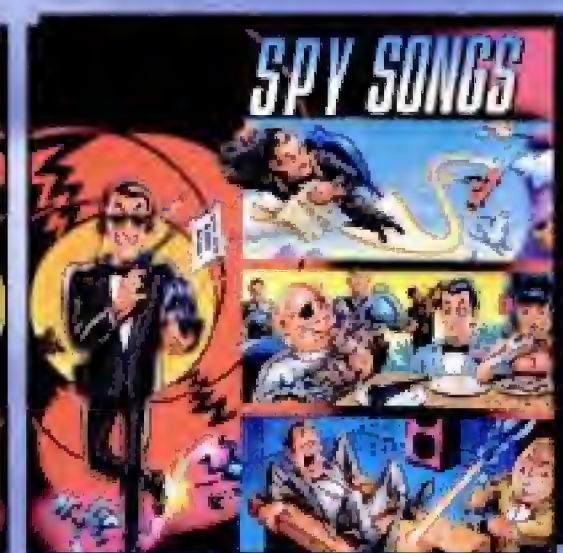
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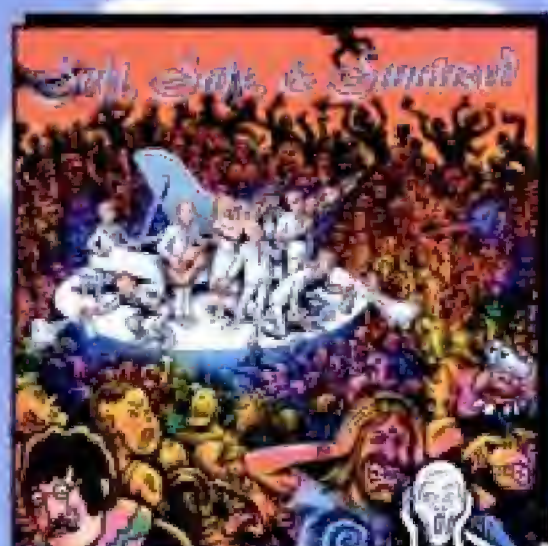
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